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Volume CLXXVI No. 2299 The SPHERE, London, February 12, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

GOING UP INTO ACTION ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: AN AMERICAN M10 TANK-DESTROYER thunders over a bridge in the Acquafondata area, on its way to help in the spearhead of the push against the German "Gustav Line" around Cassino

Whilst the Allied forces were moving inland from the Anzio and Nettuno bridgeheads, the Fifth Army around Cassino launched a strong attack against the so-called Gustav Line, where the Germans had entrenched themselves in the hilly country around that strong-point. A strong thrust in this area brought our forces into the outskirts of the town, and bitter fighting took place amongst its ruined houses. Tanks went into action, and "tank-destroyers," the heavily armed vehicles which have, on many occasions, put paid to the mightiest tanks yet produced by the Germans. This picture was taken as an American M10 was moving up near Acquafondata, which lies to the north-west of the town of Cassino. The members of its crew are here perched in the open: when they go into action, however, the steel protective shutters will be closed down. Most of the bridges in this area have been blown, and temporary bridges have been put up in their place by Allied engineers

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 232

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Map of Russia.—

Although we have gone the most expensive way to acquire a little knowledge of geography late in life (a world war *is* an expensive way of learning geography), yet still to-day the map of Russia is my intellectual Waterloo. The country is too large. I can get a faint idea of distance and even of geological features on a one-inch-to-the-mile map, or even a quarter-inch. The trouble with Russia is that only those who live in palaces can hang a map of Russia which affords even a microscopic view of a given area. Our eyes of late have been turned on the Leningrad Ring, from the Gulf of Finland down to Novgorod —a fraction of a vast and active front along which hundreds of divisions have been locked in a death grapple—and while we turned the spotlight on this corner of the long, unrolled panorama, the rest was in shadow, and incredible events were taking place in that darkness, here, there and everywhere. When the word *Luck* was first mentioned, I unrolled that part of the panorama and I sought for Luck, and found it at last a good 100 miles west of the point where I had last left Stalin probing for weak spots in the Nazi line. The guns of Moscow in the past weeks have burnt much powder and signalled many spectacular successes, but none since Stalingrad has equalled in significance the events recorded by the *feux de joie* of February 3. The finger of doom for Nazism, which now moves forward from Luck, was but one pointer. A few hundred miles away a finger and thumb had met near Svenigodka, enclosing in an iron ring some ten divisions locked in the pockets of Smyela and Kanev, west of the Dnieper. In a word, time and space have no international common measure. If Russia was slow to comprehend the difficulties of a maritime people at war, it is fair to say Britain is ill-equipped to appreciate the achievements of a nation whose armies are fighting over what to us are astronomical distances. The danger is that we may enlarge our hopes and expectations as perforce we enlarge our scales and measurements. It 's a long way now to Moscow, but it 's still a long way to Berlin.

AMERICAN ADMIRALS PRESENTED WITH THE INSIGNIA OF THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH :

On the evening of Tuesday, February 1, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. A. V. Alexander, presented Rear-Admiral Alan G. Kirk and Rear-Admiral John L. Hall, of the U.S. Navy, with the Insignia of the Order of the Bath, in the presence of the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. J. G. Winant ; the First Sea Lord (Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew B. Cunningham) ; Admiral H. Stark, of the U.S. Navy ; members of the Board of Admiralty ; and other distinguished officers of the United States and Royal Navies. The ceremony took place in the famous Fish Room at Admiralty House. In this picture, from left to right, are—seated : Admiral H. Stark, Rear-Admiral Alan G. Kirk, the U.S. Ambassador, the First Lord of the Admiralty (the Rt. Hon. A. V. Alexander), Rear-Admiral John L. Hall and the First Sea Lord (Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew B. Cunningham). Standing behind are members of the Board of Admiralty

Shattering.—

The blows under which the Nazis are now reeling may justly be called *shattering*. From the Gulf of Finland to Cassino, their land forces are reeling back, fast or slow, 10 miles or 10 furlongs a day. Fast or slow, their losses are heavy and their war weariness grows. In the air and from the air the shattering blows increase every week. The tonnage of bombs dropped in a given period of hours exceeds the tonnage of blitz years in earlier days. The loss of Nazi planes in a single day often exceeds the famous instances of wastage which brought about the victory of the Battle of Britain. More shattering still will be the realisation by the enemy that their own wastage in bomber offensives is double the percentage of ours, and their wastage in fighters is achieved by the Allies at a cost sometimes but 10 per cent. of the Nazi losses. And still more shattering the realisation that Allied production is still hardly at peak and in no way interrupted, while Nazi production has long passed its peak and is constantly interrupted and diminished by bombing. " Shatter " means, I take it, " to shake, to jolt, to the foundations." Our bombs and Russia's blows achieve that result with German cities and Nazi divisions. What strikes me to-day with real surprise is that blows such as these, fairly described as shattering, are still not all-shattering. A year ago, no one planning Allied blows would have had faith in the possibility of so much concentrated and " shattering " success against the Nazis as has been crowded into January 1944. Or, having that faith, could have expected from it less than the break-up of Germany under the strain on land and in the air. And yet . . . ? Blind beliefs, however misguided, however wickedly implanted, are stronger than concrete and more powerful than Panzer divisions. We find Finland, a close observer, still basing her policy of waiting on the fixed belief that Germany will win in the end ; Spain still sitting on the fence, whistling for an anti-Comintern wind ; and the Burghers of the Reich enduring present hardships, not without grit, in the sure belief that every night 600 Nazi bombers are raining bomb-loads not less shattering on London and Liverpool and Newcastle and Southampton and Plymouth ! Whether Hitler has any personal belief in the modified confidence which he still hands out to the German people, we do not know. We may assume that he still believes in their gullibility.

Off the Record.—

The Führer's eleventh anniversary speech was " off the record " in two senses. It omitted references to the war in any sphere, and it was a recording made without a claque. So it afforded the Reich leader no opportunity for temperamental fireworks and no opportunity for constructive statesmanship. A speech by Hitler which is packed with no promises, no threats, no curses, no self-confidence, and no hints of secret weapons is cold comfort to Germans and very significant to all foreign listeners. The old " Bolshevik bogy " is wearing thin, the straw is showing through the old coat. The same may be said of the Nazi bogy, which has been exposed to the four winds of trial for a much shorter period. January 30, 1933, was the date on which Hitler assumed the Chancellorship of the Reich. In the eleven years which have followed he has chalked up greater dates, more dazzling personal triumphs, more spectacular proofs of omnipotence. Wading through blood-baths, striding through fire and slaughter, breaking faith and nations, friends and foes, he climbed to the pinnacle of power, and made his name the terror and execration of civilisation and the pride and glory of Germany. He sowed in the weakness of Democracy and was raised in the strength of Totalitarianism. The name of Napoleon at its most terrible was, compared with his in 1940, a pale shadow of terror and infamy, a bogy to scare naughty babies. Twelve years is a long enough term for a human being to sustain a character for omniscience and a role of omnipotence, and Hitler will not see that term out. His " ideology " has all but come full circle. The stuffing is coming through the threadbare coat, and the ploughboys and the crows are in the secret. But he has done a lot of scaring in his time. His dragon's teeth have seeded and swelled and been harvested—a bumper crop under the shadow of the scarecrow. History will hardly cite a better example of a Big Bogy, or a more telling example of the dangers of apathy and selfish nationalism, a better proof of the failure of between-wars Democracy.

Ten Little Nigger Boys ?—

The *Luftwaffe's* puzzle is certainly a stimulating speculation. We do not always think it wisdom when air pundits throw their hats higher than the generalisation that the Nazi air chiefs are certainly hard put to it to-day. We think it prudent to keep on the alert for nasty surprises. But the Hitler-Goebbels fairy-tales of 900-bomber raids on London certainly justify a suspicion that things are worse than we dare to hope, and perhaps justify the release of pointers to that conclusion, such as the curiously motley force of all types scraped together for that " 900 = 90 " raid on London. That sets the wishful thinkers off : From the ninety we destroyed seventeen. The next raid numbered but seventy. We bagged six or seven. The next raid was by no more than sixty. We bagged five or six. Ten little nigger boys. . . . ? Myself, I prefer to wait and see.

Premier's Righteous Anger.—

Mr. Churchill is a big man and a big noise. The public understand and appreciate his righteous anger at any symptom or sign that an individual or set or party is playing a private hand or doing anything which suggests that the war is won, and that all hands may turn to cultivating their own back gardens. The war isn't won by a long chalk, and no one wants party-games back or private axes ground. But two points may justly be made : (1) If the wishful sometimes throw up their hats prematurely, how much of that false and foolish optimism must be laid to the door of the Premier's most advertising colleagues, who, obsessed by propaganda and intent upon justifying their own policy and the glory and efficiency of their departments and services, unload on the public the statistics of their shattering bomb-loads, their iron blockade-rings, and their secret information out of Germany and the Balkans, and afford even to pessimists grounds for belief that the Axis is cracking fast ? Propaganda hits both ways. If it lower Axis morale, it raises Allied morale. (2) Mr. Churchill is fully occupied. I do not think he understands, or can have time to examine, quite how deeply the British public is disturbed and distressed by wartime procedure at by-elections. He knows (none better) how urgent is the need for the reform of parliamentary election practice and procedure. Impossible now, he is doing his best to make those reforms possible as soon as may be after victory is won. But he does not, he *cannot*, know how impotent, how fettered, how enslaved, the average voter in a by-election feels to-day, when at the pistol-point of patriotism-blackmail he is compelled to vote for a candidate whose personality he may utterly despise, who was put forward by methods of selection which he regards as outworn and rotten, or as chancy, hasty and ill-considered, by methods in which the electorate has had no say and no decision. That has been the fate of my own constituency. We live like pigs, lacking water, drains, light and all civilised amenities (save suicide main roads). For eight years or so, we were represented by a bedridden invalid. Then came this snap election in the midst of war, in the conditions above described. Not 5 per cent. of our voters can feel that they have had a tithe of their rights in the choice of a member who could represent their pressing needs in Parliament. Those rights have been compromised at the pistol-point—and the man in possession will have great advantages when a free election comes at last, and our local choice returns home.

THE OLD STAGER

On the BEACHES at ANZIO

Scenes During the Landings by the Fifth Army

THE SCENE AS THE ALLIED VEHICLES DISEMBARKED FROM THE LANDING-CRAFT ON TO THE SANDY STRIP OF BEACH NEAR ANZIO: A group of Bren-gun carriers, supported by a tank, line up for the advance into the interior—a picture taken shortly after the first invasion groups went ashore. Within a few days, the advance guard had reached a point only fifteen miles from Rome, when heavy resistance was encountered from Kesselring's hastily-assembled forces, which fought vigorously to bar the way to the Anzio-Albano road and railway

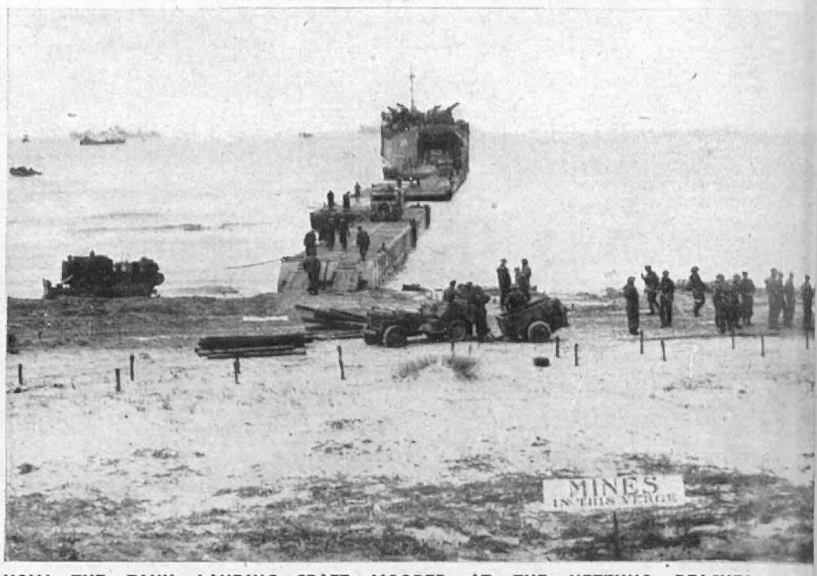
REAR-ADMIRAL TROUBRIDGE (Senior Officer of the British Naval Forces) conferring with Rear-Admiral J. M. Mansfield (centre) on the bridge of the latter's flagship. On left is Captain J. P. Gornall, the ship's commanding officer

GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER AND ADMIRAL TROUBRIDGE leave in a jeep for a tour of the Allied positions at Anzio after the landings

HOW CONTACT WAS MAINTAINED WITH THE SHIPS. As is now usual in combined operations, a Beachmaster controlled the landings from the various craft in the Bay: his signaller (Telegraphist R. Scott, R.N. Signals, who comes from East Lothian, in Scotland) had dug a hole in the sand, and from this point he transmitted the Beachmaster's signals by radio to the various vessels

HOW the LANDINGS at NETTUNO WERE MADE

SETTING OUT FOR THE NETTUNO BEACHES: British soldiers going aboard the transports hand over their embarkation tickets. It is now known that the Invasion Fleet of the Fifth Army sailed from Naples



HOW THE TANK LANDING-CRAFT MOORED AT THE NETTUNO BEACHES. The unloading was done at a pontoon: the tractor on the left was used as anchorage for the pontoon bridge, securing the end to the beach

THE LUFTWAFFE CAME OVER FREQUENTLY DURING THE LANDING OPERATIONS, and bombed the shipping concentrations whenever they could penetrate the vigorous screen put up by our fighters. A landing-craft has here suffered a direct hit, but the troops still continue to wade ashore. The infantry got ashore so fast that by nightfall of the second day all units had been fully organised on the beaches

THE "DUCKS" POUR FORTH IN A CONTINUOUS STREAM FROM THE BIG LANDING-CRAFT: Over the pontoons they come, right up on to the beach, and then press on into the interior. The bigger vessels lie out in the little bay near Nettuno, while the waters are dotted with naval craft. After the first landings at almost any hour of the night and day, ships could be seen coming and in both directions

—A Series of Pictures Taken During the Allied Invasion

THE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE AT NETTUNO: American troops wading ashore through the shallow waters: they came in a growing stream, and with them came supplies and guns and tanks for the push inland

BRITISH INFANTRYMEN PASSING THROUGH ANZIO. The little bathing resort was somewhat battered by the Luftwaffe shortly after the landings, and some of the buildings are now in ruins as a result

ROUGH SEAS OFF THE LANDING BEACHES. The proximity of sandbars offshore was the cause of much anxiety: the Royal Navy soon had matters under control, however, and the landing pontoons were quickly in position

MOVING UP ON THE ROAD TO ROME. At this point the Italian capital was only 57½ kilometres away. The troops are marching along a roughly paved road towards the perimeter of the bridgehead

HOW THE HEAVY MATERIAL WENT ASHORE: A mobile crane unloading supplies from a landing-craft. Guns were brought ashore at this point, and one may be seen in the distance already on the beach

THE TANKS ROLL ASHORE: One is here seen leading a column of Allied transport inland, to take up a new position near the front. There have been a number of clashes with German armour

THE LANDINGS WERE MADE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF BRITISH WARSHIPS. Here destroyers are laying a smoke-screen to protect a shore-bound convoy from air attack and from the fire of the German artillery on the coast. Not only did the Navy protect the convoys, but the warships also kept the Germans on shore under constant bombardment as they carried out patrols up and down the coast

THE MEETING OF THE SECOND FRONT COMMANDERS

First Pictures of the Men Who Will Lead the Allied Forces in the Invasion of Europe, Taken During a Joint Conference at Headquarters

A CHEERFUL GROUP IN FRONT OF A LARGE-SCALE MAP OF THE CONTINENT. On the left are Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, Naval Commander; and General Eisenhower, Supreme Commander. On the right are Air Chief-Marshal Sir T. Leigh-Mallory, Air Commander-in-Chief; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Deputy Supreme Commander; and General Sir Bernard Montgomery, C.-in-C., British Group of Armies

THE SUPREME COMMAND OF THE ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY
Lieut.-General Omar N. Bradley, Senior Commander of
Dwight Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied

A CLOSE-UP OF TWO RESOLUTE MEN: General Eisenhower and General Montgomery, each wearing rows of medal ribbons, in close consultation during the conference in London on February 1

AT INVASION HEADQUARTERS ON FEBRUARY 1: Deputy Supreme Commander, Supreme Commander and Leader of the British Forces—seated at the table in front. Behind are General Bradley, American Ground Forces leader; Admiral Ramsay, Naval Commander; Air Chief-Marshal Leigh-Mallory, Air Commander; and General Smith, Chief of Staff

THE CHIEF OF STAFF JOINS IN THE DISCUSSION: Lieut.-General W. B. Smith (an American "three-star General") leans over the shoulders of Generals Eisenhower and Montgomery. He will have charge of the Staff arrangements at Headquarters during the Invasion

AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE: Sir Arthur Tedder, General Eisenhower and General Montgomery confer during the meeting which was held at the Invasion Headquarters on February 1 in London

FORCES FOR THE LIBERATION OF EUROPE AT THEIR MEETING IN LONDON: Seated round the table from left to right are the following American and British officers—the American Ground Forces; Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, Allied Naval Commander; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Deputy Supreme Commander; General Expeditionary Forces; General Sir Bernard Montgomery, Commander-in-Chief of the British Group of Armies; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, Air Commander-in-Chief; and Lieut.-General Walter Bedell Smith, Chief of Staff, Supreme Headquarters

THE SUPREME COMMANDER, ON LEFT, AND THE FAMOUS GENERAL WHO WILL LEAD THE BRITISH FORCES INTO ACTION IN EUROPE. Generals Eisenhower and Montgomery in emphatic conversation during the meeting at Headquarters. The former has now been installed in London for some little time: the latter has given up command of the Eighth Army in Italy to organise his group of armies for the Invasion. General Montgomery already wears on his shoulder the new "Invasion" flash, consisting of crossed gold swords on a blue cross on a red Crusader's shield

THE FRENCH HIMMLER RAN RIVIERA COACHES

Details in the Career of the Newest Vichy Creation—Darnand, the "Secretary-General for the Maintenance of Order." Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

THE French people always knew that this war would reach a climax for them in the form of a reign of terror, and that the Terror would as assuredly produce its man. This is now in process of happening, and may be read in direct relationship to the prospect of Allied invasion. Armed, paid and watched over by the Germans, a several-sided French force, topped by a militia, has assumed a free hand to kill at will, and the man is Joseph Aimé Darnand. In so far as fighting resistance is concerned, and, if possible, exterminating it, all the French-Nazi leaders—Déat, Doriot, Henriot, Bucard, Paquis—have rallied in a Single Front behind Darnand, who has also taken over Laval's police and militia forces, hitherto the mainstays of the Vichy regime. Darnand has as good as taken over from Laval himself, as became apparent when the latter summoned his prefectorial, police and militia heads, and told them that henceforward they were to take their orders from Darnand.

Not that this diminishes the culpability of Vichy in the slightest degree. Not only did Pétain raise Darnand to the rank of Minister, as Secretary-General for the Maintenance of Order, but one of the Fascists, the Renaissance and "Collaboration" Parties, the "Prisoners' Movement," and the Combat Group of New Action, with attempts to undermine or drag in the remnants of Pétain's Legion, and of his youth "Chantiers" and "Companions." At present some 20,000 Darnandists are thought to be ready for action, but the total will inevitably expand, while to it must be added quantities of police and Mobile Guards long past saving themselves from popular vengeance. Darnand's separate dregs of French Fascism are not far short of the equivalent of a division of Waffen S.S. They are armed and trained on the Himmler model—even to having notorious gangsters like Spirito and Carbone commanding groups. Many are mechanised; all have a selection of tommy-guns, armoured-cars, mines, grenades and machine-guns. They have staff-training centres where the most brutal methods are taught—such as at "The Alcazar," on a hill outside Lyons.

THE FIGHTING FRENCH GO BACK TO FRANCE DAILY: Crews and ground staff indulge in a little mutual congratulation on their return from a day-bombing expedition over the coast of Northern France: This photograph was taken immediately after the Fighting French "Lorraine" Bomber Squadron had taken part in one of the latest raids (by daylight) on military targets in the Pas de Calais area. Flying Boston aircraft, these French patriots have almost certainly been in action whenever the Allied communiques state that there have been daylight raids on France, and they are rightly proud of the part they are playing

newcomer's first acts was to get Pétain to order several columns of Mobile Guards, officered by members of the Marshal's own bodyguard, to proceed against the young heroes of the *maquis* or bush, in the Savoy Mountains.

Many Vichy administrators are now trying to be of use in an invisible manner to the Resistance. When Darnand took over, he found exactly one kitchen-table by way of surviving furniture. Even Gobelins had gone, but, much more important, so had desks and cupboards containing dossiers of the underground movement. Yet nothing will lighten death sentences passed on leading and long-standing Vichyites. Laval may whine, "The British hate me, the French dislike me, the Germans abandon me." He may, as puppet Premier, make room for Déat, as he has just been obliged to hand over the real reins of terror-rule to Darnand. The French know why Laval counts so little, and that it hasn't been for want of trying to please his German masters.

Darnand lost no time in emphasising that operations against the *maquis* will form the lesser part of his Terror. While these hill bands of young men fleeing slave-labour in Germany are growing in several parts of France, notably in the vast Massif Central, they are half-starving, numbed with cold, and very ill-armed. Their main efforts are directed to keeping alive by raiding, and to local sabotage and executions. Darnand is bent on first of all ridding Savoy, and for this purpose has sent his deputy, Marien, to command 2,000 Militia from Annecy, once voted the loveliest of French towns.

After Savoy, columns will be sent in other directions against the *maquis*, but the Terror is principally intended to emasculate the widespread movements of Resistance before the Allies land, and so severe is the threat that a brand of unified command is being sought by the three main groups: "Combat," "Franc-Tireur" and "Liberation." Hitherto, Gaullists, Communists, and others have more or less gone their own ways, but the fear is that Darnand will wear down each group separately, unless all coalesce in time.

We are, in fact, witnessing nothing less than the commencement of the French Civil War, and here are the German-paid Frenchmen lined up under Darnand: ex-Laval Militia, Doriot's and Bucard's

Yet Darnand's chief strength may reside in his being able to command complete obedience from all French authorities, from the police down. He only has to appear and it is Open Sesame, for this man has the Wehrmacht Gestapo and Army of Occupation behind him, and all know it. His uniformed troopers enjoy limitless powers and complete immunity, with only Himmler to answer to in the last analysis.

And now to Darnand himself, whose birthplace is not far from the centre of his present major activities: Coligny, in the Ain department. Strange to think that this man, whose name will live in French history beside the vilest tyrants and traitors, was a few years ago running a motor-coach service between Cannes, Nice and Menton! Shortly before the war he was well known in Nice as the former Hooded Man, who had linked up with Italian Fascists across the frontier and grown rich in consequence.

Darnand looks what he is: what the French call "a man of force," or a cross between a Mediterranean "nervi" and a Hollywood gangster. Stockily built, he is about 5 ft. 9 in. in height and would not look his forty-six years but for lines of hard-living. His physical strength is obvious, and he is helped in his role by really having the kind of jaw Mussolini pretended to. Darnand is well-suited to the Black Guard uniform of the Waffen S.S., which he now wears.

Son of a small-town carpenter, Joseph Aimé began well. At eighteen he volunteered for the infantry at Belfort and was soon contracting for five years as an N.C.O., which meant that he already as a youth showed he could be tough. Front-line service in 1917-18 won him the coveted Military Medal, and the War Cross with palm ("mention") and a wound chevron. Then he served in an administrative job in Syria, and on leaving the Army was given a Legion of Honour. Good but not exceptional, those ribbons were to aid in the build-up of Darnand as *un Chef*.

But for most of fifteen years between 1921 and 1936 Darnand rose no higher than the life of a local "boss" on the Riviera, where he had his hand in one racket after the other, not excluding dope, while he covered himself with his motor-coach business and by the respectability attaching to home life in a villa with a wife and family.

In 1936 the Cagoulards or Hooded Men became a political force, and that marked a turning-point: they wanted arms, and one of Darnand's rackets had been smuggling arms from Italy in a small way, for transmission to gangster friends in Marseilles. Darnand extended his arms purchases on behalf of the Cagoulards, and soon merged in them, in charge of a Riviera "cinquantaine" comprising ten bandit "mains" or hands of five "fingers" or men. When I studied Darnand across that café he had fifty "fingers," and that was in 1938. The waiters and barmen used to say that I'd hear of him.

Like other French movements preparing to collaborate with Hitler, the Cagoulards got funds from over the Alps and Rhine. Their main job was to hide stores of arms round France, so that a Fascist *coup* might in due course be staged. As a lesser task, they bumped off anti-Fascists who were making nuisances of themselves. Enjoying high protection, that did not stop Blum arresting leading Cagoulards, and among them, Darnand. But he was let out in time to show his patriotism in the present war, which he promptly did by volunteering anew, this time aged forty-two.

In doing so, he followed a fixed plan by which the worst of the French Fascists flaunted their love of country. Many such, Darnand of their number, offered themselves for the "White Corps," which used to patrol between the Lorraine lines in the snowy, phoney war, and some of whose enthusiasts were later suspected of having contacted German patrols for the purpose of transmitting information. Taken captive in June 1940 in the great Maginot round-up, Darnand was let out by the Germans two months later as a politically sound man prepared to work for "collaboration." He need not have been kept prisoner a week. At any rate, his orders were to return to the region where he had most influence, and by the end of 1940 the Riviera gangster had taken the lead in the Maritime Alps, in the nascent Pétain Legion movement. And not long after, his position was clinched when the Marshal raised him to the honoured status of National Councillor.

In 1942 Darnand was placed at the head of Laval's S.O.L., Fascist groupings with mission to maintain order over and above the police. This took our subject to Germany, and on his return he buttressed himself as head of a "Prisoners' Movement" made up of the politically sound who had won their release by promising to do Nazi propaganda on their return to France. Other steps-up followed: a leader of the anti-Bolshevik Legion; a seat on the Lyons Special Tribunal condemning patriots; until early in 1943 Darnand was made head of Pétain's Legion, which he is now amalgamating with all the other labelled thugs in the north, as well as in the south.

Amid Press panegyrics and radio orations, this one-time Riviera "man of force" is being presented as the heaven-sent Saviour of France, "at last a Leader whose energy and physical courage will reverberate to the farthest corners where there's the slightest tendency to play the Gaullist and Communist game against the Real France"—the tiny section of desperate, condemned Frenchmen who have sold themselves to France's worst enemy.

UNDERGROUND FRANCE STAMPS HER TRAITORS: This is what French "collaborators" with the Germans wake up to find pasted to their doors. With the hated Swastika blazoned on it, the sticker announces to the patriotic French: "Here lives a collaborator." A note below assures both traitor and patriot that the badge of shame has not been placed there without a thorough inquiry by, and the authorisation of, the underground workers' counter-espionage service

ALTHOUGH OF SMALL SIZE COMPARED WITH THE LARGER FLEET CARRIERS, H.M.S. "Tracker" still has a very spacious flight-deck. During the evening physical training by the crew is carried out here, despite a very noticeable list as the vessel moves forward

LIFE ON ONE OF THE NEW ESCORT CARRIERS— H.M.S. "TRACKER," Built for the Atlantic Convoys

THE COMMANDER (FLYING), Lieut.-Commander A. J. D. Harding, D.S.C., directing the landing of aircraft

The new type escort carriers, specially evolved during the progress of the present war, have been co-operating with Allied warships in the Atlantic for some time, helping to protect the convoys. They work in conjunction with destroyers or sloops; but, although they form part of the protective network, they operate largely independently. "Searches" are flown all day from the escort carriers, and a "striking force" is always held in readiness to follow up the trail of a U-boat. As an independent force, they can be rushed to a threatened area at high speed to assist the surface convoy escorts which may be battling against an entire U-boat pack. These light naval forces, plus the escort carriers, are known as "support groups." They have had many "kills." The work entails considerable responsibility for the Fleet Air Arm pilots, who find that putting a plane down on a carrier's deck in a heavy sea can be quite exciting. All the flying operations are controlled from the bridge by the Commander (Flying). H.M.S. *Tracker*, of which pictures are given here, was launched in March 1942. She was converted for her present purpose from a mercantile hull under construction in the United States. She is generally believed to be similar to the U.S.S. *Charger*, whose displacement is given as 17,600 tons

THE NEW TYPE VESSELS ARE ARMED WITH NUMEROUS A.-A. GUNS AND MACHINE-GUNS. This picture shows a 40-mm. Bofors, mounted in one of the many sponsons around the flight-deck, being cleaned after a shoot

AN OFFICER'S CABIN BELOW DECK, fitted up with in-built furniture in the modern American style. "Tracker," like others of her class, was constructed in a United States shipyard and fitted out on American lines

FIGHTER PILOTS (WHO FLY SEAFIRES) IN THE AIR OPERATIONS ROOM, being briefed by the Air Staff Officer, Lieut.-Commander Smith

THE POSITION OF ANZIO, THE ONCE-POPULAR ITALIAN BATHING RESORT THIRTY MILES TO THE SOUTH OF ROME. A view which shows the tiny harbour and the eastern and western beaches. It is at this spot, captured early in the operations, that Allied equipment was put ashore by the Invasion fleet before made into the interior and towards the Appian Way. Nettuno, also firmly held by the Allies, lies away to the east, and is connected to Anzio by

—Drawing by E. G. Lambert

On left—**FLYING FORTRESSES OF THE FIFTEENTH U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE wing their way over the remains of an ancient Roman aqueduct en route to bomb German installations. The lengthy shadows at the bottom of the picture are thrown by the 2,000-year-old pillars of the ancient water-supply system**

The Full Story of the ROME LANDINGS

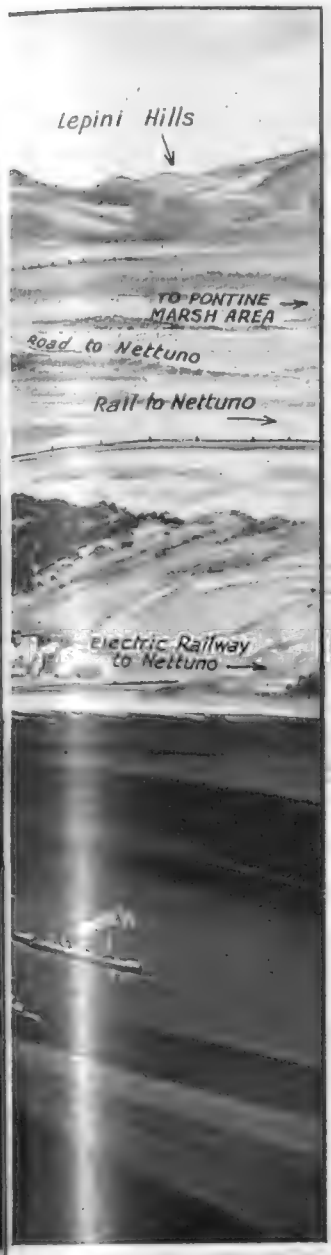
—The Little Port of Anzio, and the Nature of the Country Between It and the Appian Way

—With Special Sphere Drawings and Diagrams

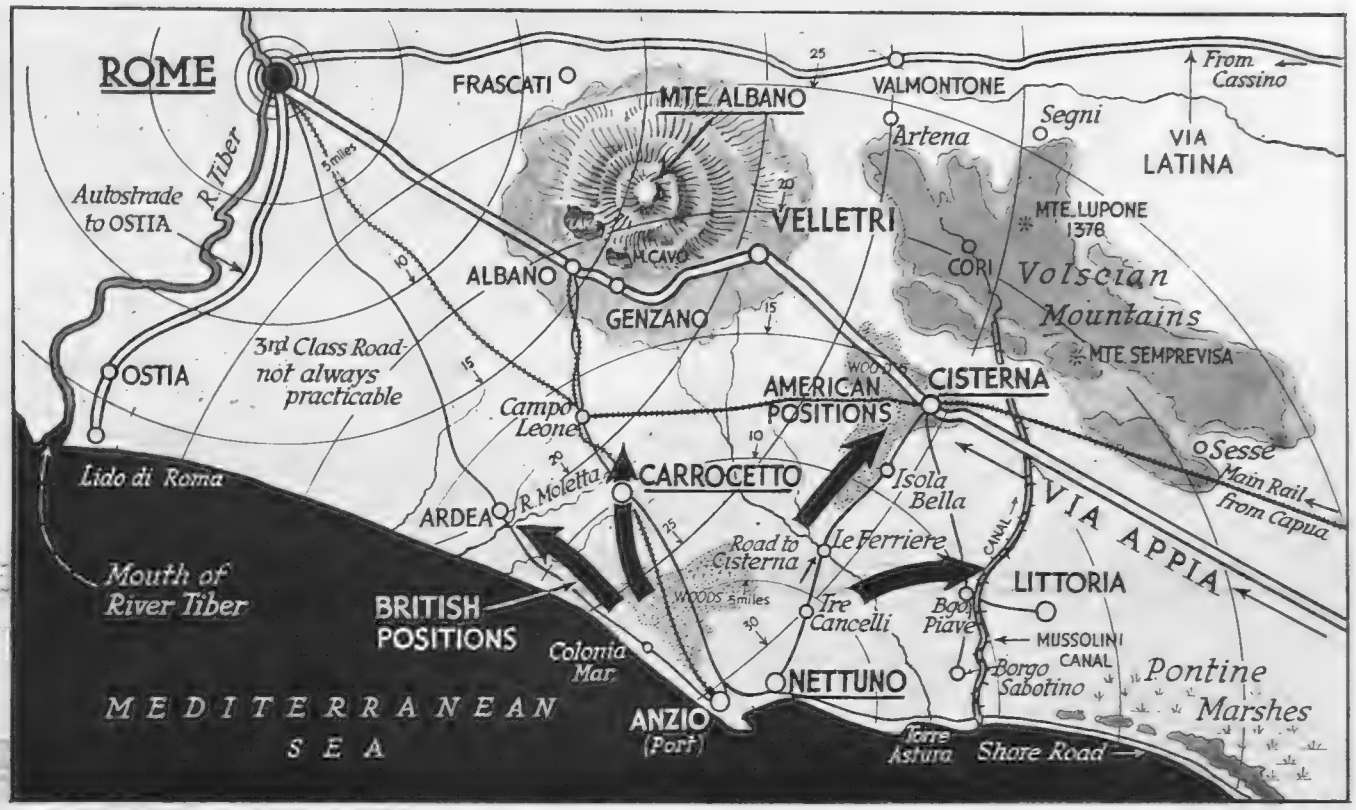
The chief feature of the "Rome landing" (as it now has become known) was that it took place in close proximity to two very popular Italian sea-bathing resorts, situated some miles down the coast from where the Tiber flows into the Tyrrhenian Sea. Both these resorts are sheltered by a small cape, or promontory, where the long, unbroken sweep of shore turns eastwards. Anzio is, in fact, divided into two parts by another little promontory. It would appear to have been the more popular of the two resorts during recent times. It was, perhaps, a matter of taste whether one preferred to dip into the sea in front of the villas of Anzio, or beside the bastion walls of Nettuno.

Anzio presented all the outer phenomena of a popular Italian bathing resort. There are rows of bathing-huts along the upper edges of the two bathing beaches. The beach towards the east appears to have been more expensive. If one desired cheaper quarters in immediate proximity to the sea, one took apartments close to the western beach, which has a smaller area of sandy foreshore, terminated at its western extremity by a line of rocks. Some of the houses of Anzio climb up the sides of the separating promontory; a main raised road connects the two beaches, and especially at its eastward end is backed by the

ON THE OUTER PERIMETER OF THE and the Volscian Hills all provide within the Anzio-Nettuno area were range which guards the road from



the promontory which separates the subsequent advances were electric railway (see notes below)



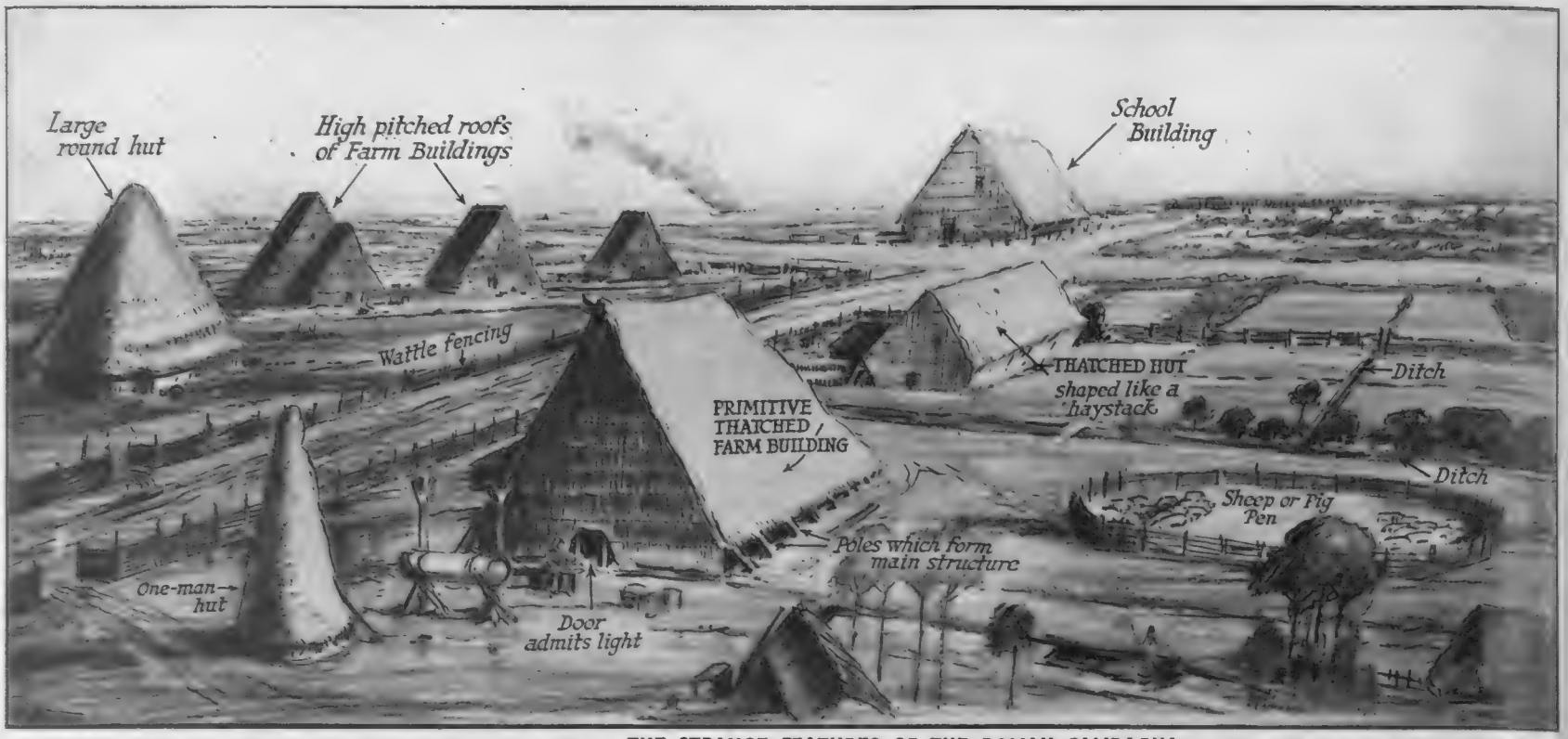
THE BRIDGEHEAD—ITS TOWNS AND VILLAGES; ROADS, RAILWAYS AND RIVERS. A special key-map which shows the distances from the twin positions of Anzio and Nettuno to Rome and the Alban Hills. The British area of operations lies to the west; that of the Americans to the north and east

The area in which the Allied bridgeheads have been established forms part of the famous Campagna district which encircles Rome. Various parts of it have been recorded by artists, for whom it has always had an irresistible attraction. Its wide, sweeping heath and marshlands roll away to distant horizons bounded by blue-grey hills. This area is characteristically seamed with river and torrent beds, which fill with the rains from the surrounding hills. Owing to the nature of the Campagna plain, there has always been a danger from the formation of marsh and swamp land. This has been most marked in the south. The towns in the area occupy rising ground—Ardea to the west and Cisterna to the north-east are examples. Large patches of woodland (such as the Boscodi Padiglione to the north of Anzio and Nettuno, and the woods around Cisterna) break the sweep of the grass and meadow lands. The district boasts one good road out of Anzio, linking with a high road into Rome and a railway service through Campo Leone junction for Rome. The British forces pushed their way up the western coastal region to the River Moletta, a ridge of sand-dunes forming the extreme left flank. The advance up the main road and railway penetrated to Carrocetto. A fan-shaped spread of ravines lies to the east. Then comes the woodland area of Cisterna, up to which the U.S. troops were moving by way of Le Ferriere and Isola Bella. Their right flank was operating against the Mussolini Canal, which forms part of the River Moscanella system of drainage. Littoria lies further to the east, another stream flowing in from the north-west and cutting under the Mussolini Canal towards Littoria and its important airfield

villas of the well-to-do. These are surrounded by gardens and are embowered by the trees of the woodland country, which here stretches down to Anzio and the neighbouring beaches.

Visitors to Anzio and Nettuno could reach either place by railway or by a good motor-road. Both of them run in close proximity to the south-western slope of Monte Albano, where the railway links with the main line and the roadway with the main road leading into Rome. When our troops chased the few Germans out of the town there appear to have been very few local inhabitants in residence. In any case, Anzio would have presented the usual appearance of a summer bathing town in the winter. The place was at its noisiest in July and August—the two months during which the Italians have been in the habit of sea-bathing. The racket of Italian holiday in the *stabilemento* and the seaside hotels had naturally ceased with the season, and during the past autumn and winter the quieter life of the winter residents had been pursuing its customary way until it was violently broken by the apparition of the Allied naval armada

BRIDGEHEAD: THE ENEMY POSITIONS ON THE HIGH GROUND OVERLOOKING THE CAMPAGNA PLAIN AROUND CISTERNA AND LE FERRIERE, where the Alban Hills, Velletri elevated positions for German artillery emplacements. The Appian Way runs through the centre of the view: it is towards this that the Allied forces landed first reported to be pressing. This drawing has been made from a point in the south, and shows the nature of the terrain within the bridgehead. The hill Cassino (where the Fifth Army is working its way up the mainland) is shown on the extreme right. In the days which followed the initial landings, rapid progress was made by the Allied troops in the enlargement of the areas under their control.—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*



THE STRANGE FEATURES OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA, PART OF WHICH IS INCLUDED WITHIN THE NETTUNO BRIDGEHEAD. Villages of thatched huts, constructed of poles leaning together, dot the rolling plain, where herds of horses, cattle and buffalo roam—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The Rome Landings (continued)

HOW THEY WENT ASHORE

And the Difficulties of the Sandbars Where the Landing Craft were Grounded

With a Description of the Strange Campagna Country in which Our Troops are Now Fighting

When the American and British troops landed in the Anzio-Nettuno area, they pushed towards a region which presented some quite new features to warriors who had already experienced the vagaries of the sand in the Libyan Desert; the tortuous, cork-forested hills of Tunisia; the flies and heat of Sicily, and the rain and snow amid the hills and mountains of the Apennines. Now they found themselves in a prairie country with wide open skies, rolling sand-dunes, heaths, and woodlands stretching away to mountain-ridges, pearl grey in the far distance. There were strong mixtures of modernity and primitiveness; the former being visible in the villas and bathing establishments of Anzio and around the motor-road which led to it. Behind this façade of modernity stretches a wide area of the Roman Campagna, the famous pastoral region from which came the hardy founders of earliest Rome. The immediate area, from the Tiber to Terracina, is divided into two sections—the Macchia to the west, with Cisterna as capital; and the Palude to the south-east, with Terracina as capital. The former is the drier section, with multitudes of canals and drainage ditches; the latter is the real lagoon district of the Pontine Marshes, a considerable part of which was drained during the Fascist era. Over wide stretches the scene is much the same as it was centuries ago. The thatched huts and houses of the farmers and peasantry are primitive in appearance—they are built up on a series of poles which lean inwards to a central roof member. This tent-like construction is covered all over with thatch. The people who inhabit these strange homes are lineal descendants of the early inhabitants of the Campagna. The most energetic strain is described as being of pure Latin blood—a noble, clever and sarcastic race—tenacious of its old customs and virile in spirit.

The scene shown above is of a collection of farm buildings at a cross-road in the neighbourhood of Cisterna. Some of the buildings are enclosed within wattle fencing. All the high-pitched buildings are thatch-covered, as is also the school building in the background. This exhibits a window, a luxury many of the other dwellings do not possess.

THE SCENE WITHIN THE BRIDGEHEAD AS THE ALLIED TROOPS GOT TO WORK IMMEDIATELY AFTER LANDING. The amphibious "Ducks" went right ahead, laden with guns and supplies: under cover of their anti-aircraft weapons, sappers laid down roads of steel wire for the troops—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Many of the forward landing parties, which came in "Ducks" from the invasion fleet lying off the beaches, just drove straight ahead as they came up on to firm ground: these were loaded with stores and equipment, and they carried anti-aircraft guns with which to drive off any aircraft attempting to interfere with the operations. Other craft landed Engineers to begin laying the now-famous "portable roads" of steel mesh. These roads will probably stretch up to the main highways, since much of the country between the sea and the Appian Way is sandy or marshy. Within a few hours of zero hour the amphibious "Ducks" had penetrated as far as four or five miles inland: they crashed through the country to help develop the first swift surge forward. These vehicles are playing an important part in the success of the new landings: they are carrying anti-aircraft, and even field, guns—complete with the artillery crews—and depositing them far inland

SOME DELAY WAS CAUSED IN LANDING TANKS, GUNS AND VEHICLES, as the beaches were found unexpectedly blocked with sandspits and with silted-up approaches. The majority of the slight Allied losses on the first day were caused by men prematurely jumping from the upper decks of landing-craft in their eagerness to get ashore—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

DIFFICULT BEACHES BLOCKED BY SANDBARS

"The beaches were not so good as in places where previous landings had been made. There was a sandbar which made landing-craft stand further offshore . . ." said General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson in describing the landings in the Nettuno area. It is always the unexpected which happens in war; and it must have been an intensely annoying moment when, after the Navy had brought the landing-craft exactly to the desired spots, it was discovered that certain sandbars or shoals had developed in such a way as to prevent the big landing-craft from approaching the actual beach line sufficiently closely to enable tanks and other heavy vehicles to splash their way ashore under their own power.

The great armada sailed from Naples. Two prying enemy planes which might have flown back to Rome with news were reported to have been shot down into the sea off Sardinia. In the early morning it was found that the water was rapidly shoaling. It soon became obvious that it was too deep for any fording work. The heavy materiel would have to be transferred to smaller carriers. Pontoons were called for, and the brief period which elapsed before these were working from yawning carrier-mouth to beach must have seemed an infinity to the transport control. They did not know that the nearest enemy aircraft were far away, as, in the event, it actually proved to be. At last the necessary carrying craft were all in position, and the shuttle services poured material on to the beaches over a sea mercifully calm. It was not until many hours had passed before a heavy sea got up—only to fall quickly again, however.

OWING TO THE SANDBARS AND THE STEEPLY SHELVING BEACH, THE LANDING-CRAFT WERE UNABLE TO GET CLOSE INSHORE and it became necessary to use pontoons to get the tanks and other heavy vehicles ashore. The sandbars had actually silted up overnight, making the subsequent landings more difficult and hazardous than was at first anticipated. In the drawing above, the amphibious vessel coming up on to the beach is one of the new "Crocodiles," designed and built in the United States—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

THE GUSTAV LINE and HOW it RAN AROUND the STRONG-POINT of CASSINO

And Other Drawings from the Fifth and Eighth Army Fronts in Central Italy

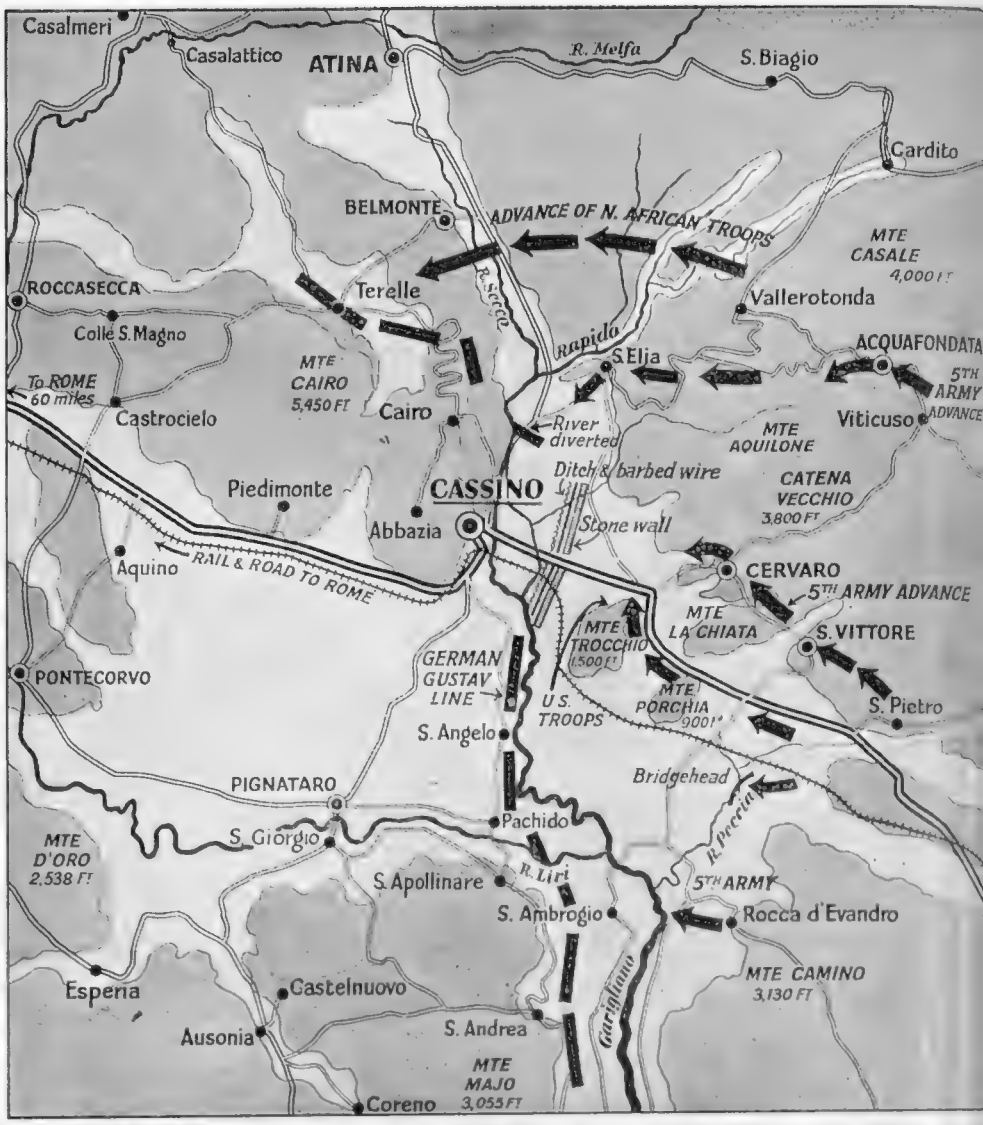
In their preparation of the Gustav Line around Cassino, the Germans made use of the conformation of the hills, mountains and rivers, which everywhere seemed to favour the defence. Especially around the Upper Garigliano, the tangle of mountain peaks becomes a wall of sheer rock rising from the river in front of Cassino and extending northwards up the valley towards Terelle. The roads climb by dizzy zigzags to the mountain towns and villages. But the North African troops here showed great skill and daring in working their way through high mountain country not dissimilar from their own Atlas Range. They forced the enemy positions across the upper Rapido River and the Secco, a tributary stream, and climbed towards Terelle, one of the highest points in the whole area. In this region Monte Cairo rises to well over 5,000 ft. A little lower down, the Germans had blocked the River Rapido and thence diverted the stream eastwards, thus creating a marshy obstacle difficult to negotiate.

The situation immediately in front of Cassino was especially difficult, owing to the presence of certain features originally constructed by the Italians for the control of flood-waters in the meadow-lands between Cassino and Cervaro. These prevented an advance from the direction of the slopes of Mte. Trocchio. According to published reports from war correspondents, the three essential features of the terrain were the open meadowland in the foreground; the line of the river, with the town situated on its banks in the middle distance, and the mountain wall, a majestic curtain of rock which formed a backcloth, as it were. This latter links up with other mountain massifs on the right. On the left it drops away abruptly, and the open plain towards Frosinone can be seen across its shoulder.

It was not possible to push troops into that plain until the line of the Rapido was forced and the enemy cleared from the hills behind. The first difficulty lay in the open meadow itself. Infantry advancing across this would be under direct observation from the hills opposite. They would soon come under close-range machine-gun fire, and they would be liable to run into mines long before they reached the river bank. The next obstacle is a broad stone wall 12 ft. high, constructed in peacetime by the Italians and strengthened by the Germans with a tangle of barbed wire along the top. The only way of disposing of this barrier is the old process of battering it down with shell-fire. Beyond the wall is a 10-ft. ditch—an adequate anti-tank trap if the Allies were so unwise as to try to force the position with tanks. And beyond the ditch is a deep belt of barbed-wire fencing. The curtain of mountain rises sheer above the town of Cassino, but not so abruptly as to deny to the enemy numerous positions for machine-guns and mortars. A hillside gun-position is an extraordinarily difficult obstacle when it has been well dug and is further concealed by branches and tree-trunks. At intervals along the hillside the Germans have disposed concrete pill-boxes, well camouflaged against the background of grey rock. Somewhere to the rear in the plain are their heavier field guns

NEW ZEALAND TO THE FORE. Infantrymen making their way to the front line through the mist and mud which have so plagued the Allied forces in Italy

ON BOARD THE CRUISER WHICH ACTED AS FLAGSHIP AT ANZIO. The Commanding Officer, Captain J. P. Gornall, perches on the baffle of the bridge to observe the effect of the bombardment carried out by his guns



THE LINE HELD BY THE GERMANS AROUND CASSINO, now known as the "Gustav Line," breached by the Fifth Army last week. This diagram shows how the Line ran, from south of the Liri River, up to Monte Trocchia and Monte Cairo: it was assisted by the configuration of the mountain masses and by the many mountain rivers, and guarded the rail and road routes to Rome *(See accompanying notes)*

THE ROYAL NAVY SUPPORTING THE LANDINGS AT ANZIO. In the opening stages in the battle for Rome, the Navy carried out coastal bombardments and provided escorts for the landing-craft of all types which swept into the beaches in the wake of the minesweepers. This picture above shows a cruiser bombarding the enemy's shore positions as the craft closed in on the beaches to put the first parties of infantry ashore

ON THE EIGHTH ARMY'S FRONT BEYOND THE SANGRO RIVER: A SMOKE-SCREEN IS LAID DOWN BY THE MORTAR BATTERIES to mask an advance by British infantry amongst the hills. The heavy mortars employed by British and Canadians alike are capable of firing two types of shell—high-explosive or smoke. Frequently, smoke-screens have been laid down by this means up in the tangle of snow-covered hills which stretch towards the interior beyond the Sangro River. One such operation is here shown in progress: the mortar batteries are laying a complete curtain, behind which the infantry will later advance to the assault of a German-held position. The shells can be thrown for a distance of some hundreds of yards: as soon as the screen has been laid down, the mortars can then switch over to high-explosives, to help prepare the ground for the final rush by the infantry—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

ON THE FIFTH ARMY'S FRONT; HOW TRAFFIC IS REGULATED BY MILITARY POLICEMEN AT A CROSS-ROADS under heavy enemy shell-fire. The cars are halted for the explosion and then make a quick rush across the danger area—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

In picturing the scene of action around Minturno, on the Fifth Army's front, Mr. Christopher Buckley recently described the manner in which the Germans carry out a systematic bombardment of vital cross-roads. The Germans, he wrote, had the exact range and were shelling one particular junction with regularity. At intervals of some sixty or seventy seconds, one would hear the long whine and the loud, flat "plonk" of another shell. The traffic policeman was handling the situation admirably. The moment a shell crashed down he signalled to the next vehicle to go forward. That gave it time to get past the danger spot before the next shell arrived

The Continuous Work of the NAVAL MINESWEEPERS

—More Arduous than Ever During the Bitter Months of Winter Around Britain

Probably no class of vessel of the Navy has put in more continuous hard work since the war broke out than have the minesweepers. Theirs is a non-stop job, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that if they were to cease work for twenty-four hours every shipping movement around our coasts would quickly have to come to a standstill.

Broadly speaking, our sweepers fall into two categories: those engaged on coastal work and coming under the Royal Naval Patrol Service and the Fleet sweepers, which operate under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the particular fleet to which they are attached. The Patrol Service sweepers, which are responsible for keeping clear the waters around our shores for the movement of merchant shipping entering the ports or using the coastal channels, are ships of the trawler type, either peacetime fishing vessels converted for the job in 1939 or specially built along trawler lines. In view of the vital function they are performing, it is a little ironical that officially they should be classified as "minor war vessels" as against the Fleet sweepers. The latter, ranking as "major war vessels," are larger, faster craft, and many of them are fully capable of accompanying the Fleet wherever it may move at sea.

At the outbreak of the war hundreds of trawlers, whose particulars had been carefully noted by the Admiralty in advance in readiness for the emergency, were rushed into service. As one minesweeping skipper put it: "They threw the fish out of us and threw the sweeping gear in." The majority of these same trawlers are still in service to-day. New developments in German mines, the advent of the magnetic, and later, the acoustic, mine, have necessitated alterations and additions to their gear and changes in the sweeping technique, but the ships themselves are still standing nobly up to a job which science in the service of war has made vastly more complicated than in the early days.

For protection when sweeping or moving to their sweeping grounds, they rely on themselves, and many a German plane coming low to attack one of these little trawlers at work has gone away with a healthy respect for the shooting of their crews. The trawlers are armed with Oerlikons and other light weapons against both planes and E-boats.

Turning from the trawlers to the Fleet sweepers one finds an altogether larger type of vessel. Oldest among them are the ships of the Albury class, which date back from the latter days of the last war. They run to 710 tons, and are coal-burning—the only coal-burners left in the Royal Navy. From this peculiarity they derive their affectionate nickname of "Smoky Joes." Another class of fine and extremely adaptable Fleet sweeper are the Bangors, ships capable of keeping the sea in any weather and of taking on anti-submarine and other duties as well as sweeping.

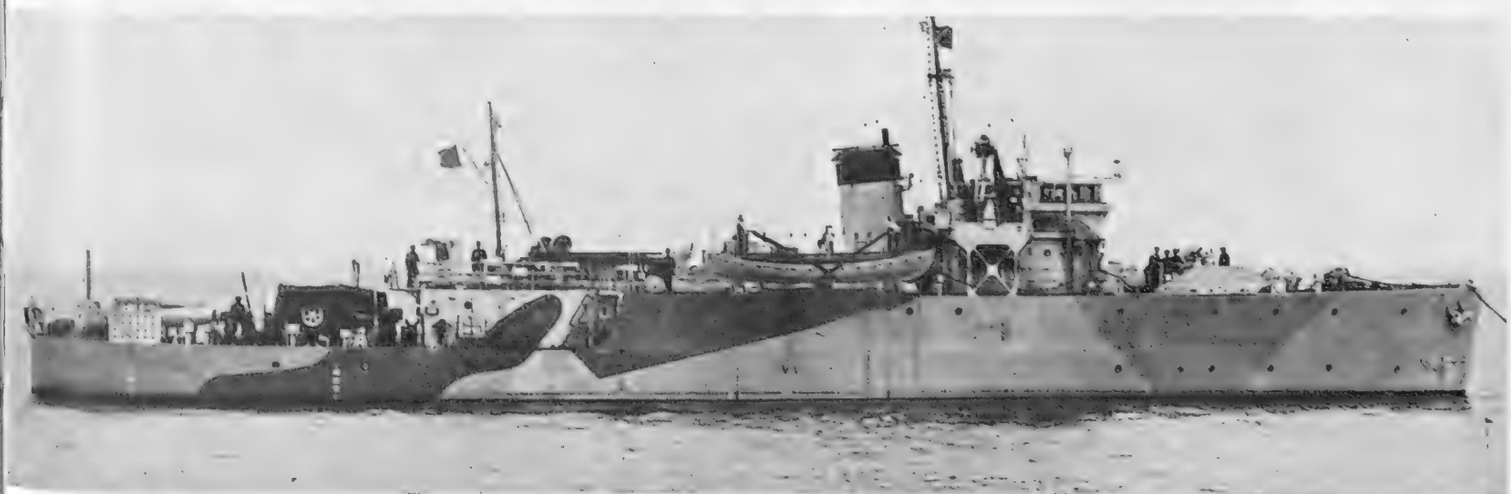
Larger and faster still are the sweepers of the Algerine class.

Duties of the Fleet sweepers include the total clearance of danger areas where this cannot be handled by the smaller, less fully-equipped patrol vessels. Another task is to sweep in advance of the Fleet when it leaves its base and when it approaches home at the close of an operation. The largest sweepers may also accompany the Fleet to sea for comparatively long periods. An outstanding instance of this type of work is to be found in the duties carried out by minesweepers working with the convoys to North Russia. Sweepers also form an essential part of any invasion force. When the huge convoys of transports set out for the Sicilian landings, for instance, it was the minesweepers which went at the head to clear a safe path through the enemy minefields off the Sicilian coast.

TWO FLEET MINESWEEPERS OF THE BANGOR CLA
dragging a weighted steel wire sweeping-hawser. W

On left—THE NEW WOODEN MOTOR-DRIVEN MINESWEEPER, specially designed by the Admiralty to replace the converted trawlers and other vessels in use at the beginning of the war. *Above*—Lieut.-Com. H. Ian MacIver, fifty-eight-years-old former shipowner and yachtsman, on the bridge of one of the new minesweepers

S AT WORK DURING A GALE. THE FOREMOST VESSEL IS HAULING IN THE OROPESA FLOAT. Normally the minesweepers work in pairs, steaming abreast, and en the hawser encounters the mooring of a mine, it cuts or breaks it and the submerged mine then rises to the surface, where it may be exploded by gunfire. The Bangor class are vessels of 750 tons, with a complement of sixty—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



A BROADSIDE VIEW OF ONE OF THE CANADIAN-BUILT MINESWEEPERS OF THE BANGOR CLASS—H.M.S. "Shippigan," named after a small Canadian township, which has steamed some 28,000 miles since her commissioning. This is one of the 750-ton vessels which, during the past year, have escorted the Atlantic convoys, assisted in the destruction of U-boats and acted as rescue ships between their spells of minesweeping. Their work was recently warmly commended by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. A. V. Alexander

LOST IN THE FOG—THE FLYING FORTRESS WHICH RETURNED TO BRITAIN, but which then disappeared and was never seen again—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Two Flying Fortresses that were heard, but never seen, somewhere in a great curtain of fog over England after recent raids on Germany have been listed as missing in action. The mystery of their disappearance is still unsolved. Returning crews reported that the first of the two bombers had been shot down over the target, and that nine parachutes had broken out of the plane. The Fortress was marked missing. But hours later a radio control station flashed word that a Fortress with the call letters of the missing plane was at that moment flying blindly through impenetrable fog over Britain. One pilot, the only man aboard the ghost ship, presumably had set his automatic flight control and had gone back to the radio room in a desperate effort to get his bearings. But, unaccountably, he lost contact with the ground. Spitfires were sent up in a fruitless search. The Home Guard was called out to search for possible wreckage—but the mystery plane was never seen or heard again. The second Fortress was in speaking contact with an aerodrome in East Anglia when it vanished with its full crew of ten aboard—and presumably nothing wrong with the plane. The control tower had warned the pilot that the fog was closing in, and had given him a course for another field where landing conditions were better. The pilot ackrowledged the directions as usual and said he was flying on to the other field. He, too, was never heard from again

A MYSTERY OF THE AIR

And Other New Drawings in Illustration of the Bomber Offensive Against Germany

HOW "GALLIVANTING GAL" CAME HOME FROM THE FRANKFURT RAID: With one engine gone and the propeller feathered, and with the supercharger gone from another engine (thus reducing the power almost to nothing), Lieut. William M. Duffy brought his B-24 Liberator bomber home from the big Frankfurt daylight raid on Saturday, January 30. The tail turret, wings and fuselage had all suffered badly from flak; the tail-gunner and waist-gunner were both wounded. For four hours and a quarter "Gallivanting Gal" was under attack by German fighters. When she finally landed, the ball turret beneath the aircraft dragged on the ground because of a flat tyre, and Lieut. Duffy had to "ground loop" to clear the runway for the other aircraft coming in to land. Above he is seen (on right) with his waist-gunner inspecting the wrecked turret

MORE ABOUT THE BOMBER-MOUNTED 75 GUN: During recent actions in the Pacific war zone, great success has attended attacks by Allied aircraft on Jap shipping. Many wondered how these successes were achieved, until it was revealed that B-25 Mitchells had been equipped with cannons for this very purpose. The guns are of 75-mm. calibre, the largest weapon ever mounted in an aeroplane: they can best be compared with the famous French "Seventy-five," the field gun used with such devastating effect during the war of 1914-18. The shells are 26 ins. in length, and they weigh 20 lb. each: during trials it was found practicable to fire three of them within ten seconds. Here is a view of the nose of the Mitchell showing the protruding muzzle of the 75 in the lower right of the fuselage, while two ·50-calibre machine-guns are located above

ONE AGAINST THIRTY: A LONE AMERICAN PILOT CHARGES INTO AN ENEMY FORMATION OF THIRTY OR MORE MACHINES and shoots down six of them, whilst flying one of the new long-range Mustangs—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

A few days ago an American bomber crew paid high tribute to a fighter pilot who charged alone into an enemy formation numbering thirty or more machines, and by his skill and courage destroyed six of them. The pilot was Major James H. Howard. He made light of the exploit; and, modestly, he only claimed two destroyed and two probables. But his colleagues prefer to believe the bomber crew that saw the six go down. In the briefing-room Major Howard said that he scared some of the enemy away by "stooging" up to them suddenly, and to others he gave a "squirt" which caused them to break away. "There were a lot around," he said, "and it was just a case of shooting at them. On the first encounter, which turned into a mêlée, my flight lost me. When I regained bomber altitude, I discovered that I was alone. I spent about half an hour chasing and scaring away attacking enemy aircraft from 21,000 to 15,000 ft. I had five combat encounters within this period. I was quite busy in a constant merry-go-round of climbing and diving on attackers. For the first two encounters and combat all four guns fired. On the third I had two guns, and on the fourth and fifth encounter only one gun." Our artist's record of this encounter is reproduced above

KNOCKING OUT AN ENEMY FIGHTER BY A WING-TIP ASSAULT—THE EXPLOIT OF A LANCASTER PILOT. After dropping its bombs on Stettin, the big Lancaster destroyed an enemy fighter without using its guns! The enemy aircraft was a Ju. 88, and the Lancaster was too close to fire at it. "I couldn't miss," said the pilot. "I just pulled up the nose and our port wing hit the fighter's port wing. We flew on, but the fighter dived straight down and my rear gunner could see it burning on the ground"—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

WAR AGAINST THE JAPS

By Land, Sea and Air

The Americans Launch their Latest Attacks in the South Pacific against the Marshall Islands

—A Series of Recent Pictures from the Island Battle Area

THE BATTLE FOR THE MARSHALL ISLANDS: An American Liberator over the Maloelap Atoll to bomb the air-strips and military installations at this Japanese base. With the complete occupation of the Gilberts and the successful landings on New Britain, the American forces in the Pacific have now passed on to the Marshall Islands, where the Japs have held a mandate since the last war. As a preparatory during recent weeks, the U.S. Air Forces have been bombing the islands hard. This picture was taken over Maloelap Atoll, one of the group: below are the air-strips which were the subject of attack, fringed by the Pacific surf and covered by the fleecy Pacific clouds

A "SOLDIER'S SOLDIER" in the Pacific war zone. This is an American whose name may soon become a familiar one to British readers. He is Lieut.-General Walter Kreuger, one of the outstanding commanders in the present Pacific offensive: his assignment to this area was the result of a specific request by General MacArthur, who has great admiration for his record as a tactician. General Kreuger has been described as a "soldier's soldier": a stern disciplinarian on duty, he is a charming and amiable figure outside military circles, with a wide range of interests

TROOPS FROM NEW ZEALAND ARE NOW FIGHTING WITH THE AMERICANS IN THE PACIFIC AREA: A scene from the island of Vella Lavella (in the Solomons group) as a gun goes aboard to engage the Japs in another part of the island. Co-operating with the U.S. forces, New Zealand troops in the Pacific are helping to make the total defeat of Japan a reality in addition to the other war areas in which these splendid warriors are now actively participating. In October-November 1943 they took part in the successful landings on Mono and Stirling Islands in the strategically important Treasury Group, which guards the sea approaches to Southern Bougainville, in the Solomons. These two islands are now completely clear of the Japs. At Vella Lavella they made an amphibious landing and played a major part in taking the island from the Japs

AN INCIDENT DURING THE WAR BY AIR IN THE PACIFIC: A Japanese torpedo plane is knocked out by anti-aircraft fire and drops her torpedo harmlessly in the sea. The aircraft was attacking an American carrier when she was hit fair and square by A.-A. fire. Her port wing was smashed, her torpedo dropped harmlessly, and the plane hurtled into the sea. The bomber was one of six which came in at low level to launch torpedoes at the carrier: all of them were destroyed. The incident took place during the American raid on the Marshall Islands on December 4 last

HOW THE NEWS GETS OUT. A group of war correspondents in the Pacific battle zone interviewing an American fighter pilot after a combat with the Japs. Note the woman in the centre: she is Mrs. Lorraine Stumm and represents a London daily newspaper in this theatre of war

THE U.S. NAVY AIR FORCE BLASTS ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE MARSHALL GROUP. A huge explosion off the Kwajalein Atoll, following a "strike" against Jap shipping in the area by American naval planes in December 1943. The atoll, or coral island, is seen in the immediate foreground, with the Japanese ships lying off-shore

BARRAGE BALLOONS IN A NEW SETTING—during the invasion of Bougainville. Landing-craft are here unloading supplies for the American forces on shore. They have thrust their bows right amongst the tropical vegetation lining the beaches for better cover. Above float two barrage balloons as protection against low-level attacks from the air. Far in the distance, to the right, is the smoking crater of Bagano, an active volcano on the island. The barrage balloon was first introduced into war by the British; scoffed at by the Germans, it has nevertheless been adopted since all over the world and has figured in a variety of circumstances

BRIEFING AMERICAN PILOTS JUST BEFORE A PACIFIC RAID. Colonel Arthur H. Rogers is giving his pilots what the Americans call a "pep talk" just before they step into their aircraft. The unit which the Colonel commands is known as "Hellfire and Brimstone" (it is not difficult to see why!) and his men are reported to be "the terror of Pacific skies"

THE DIFFICULTIES OF HANDLING HEAVY LANDING-CRAFT ON A STEEPLY-SHELVING PACIFIC SHORE: An incident during the invasion of Bougainville as U.S. Marines attempt to push a landing-boat back into deep water after it had been beached when the tide went out. Note the craft in the background being pounded against the beach by the heavy surf—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Landing-craft are normally designed to operate in shallow waters and, at the same time, carry the maximum amount of cargo or men. Consequently, they are of shallow draught and more usually of almost rectangular form, both of which renders them less suitable for working on a steeply-sloping beach and in a heavy swell, conditions sometimes encountered in the Pacific. In such cases, the stern, being in deeper water, is liable to swing off, leaving the vessel broadside to the beach and at the mercy of heavy breakers. In the drawing several landing-craft have met these adverse conditions, and soldiers are trying to bear them off by sheer force, using tree-trunks for the purpose. Note the "machete" carried by the man in the foreground. This was originally a tool of South American origin and used for hacking through undergrowth. It is in the nature of a heavy cutlass, and would doubtless also prove a formidable weapon

TAKEN FROM "THE SPHERE" OF OCTOBER 4, 1941: HOW THE GERMANS CREPT CLOSER AND CLOSER TOWARDS LENINGRAD UNTIL THE CITY WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY SURROUNDED. Later, Peterhof was captured by the enemy, and Tsarskoie Selo also fell into their hands: thereafter, for two-and-a-half years, the northern Soviet capital was invested, with the big German guns shelling the city daily and wreaking great havoc. At one time almost completely circled, Leningrad still fought on

The FREEING of LENINGRAD

After a Siege by the Germans which Lasted for Two-and-a-half Years

THE CONQUEROR OF NOVGOROD, General Meretskov, who broke the German ring to the south of Leningrad

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT LENINGRAD: General Govorov (on left), with one of his staff officers, after the Russian break-through of the German lines

"The city of Leningrad has been completely freed of the enemy blockade," was the announcement of General Govorov on January 27, which was greeted by the long-suffering citizens with the greatest rejoicing. Ever since August 1941, when Hitler sent powerful forces to reduce the city, the people of Leningrad have been cut off from the rest of Russia, enduring the greatest hardships, from the effects of direct enemy bombing and shelling, and also from starvation. During the first severe winter many hundreds of thousands are said to have died from starvation and general privation. A year ago the Red Army pierced an entry through the eastern arm of the German blockade, at Schlüsselburg, on Lake Ladoga, by which food and supplies were able to enter the city. This brought so much relief throughout this past year that the citizens were able to carry on under much better conditions, getting normal food rations, and supplies for the working of their factories. They were patiently waiting the decision of the Supreme Command for the relief of the city when the Germans began a short time ago a cruel and persistent shelling of the city from 16-in. siege-guns. This so infuriated both the blockaded city and the Red Army in the Volkhov area that a determined assault was made upon the German defences, the battle beginning upon January 14.

The first attack was made from Oranienbaum, an isolated beach-head, held persistently by the Russians throughout the war. It was a sandy headland, south of Kronstadt, about 10 miles west of Peterhof, where the Russo-German line ran. All supplies had to reach the small town from Leningrad, but it was protected by the great guns of Kronstadt. During recent weeks tanks made a precarious journey across the ice from Leningrad, enabling a combined assault to be made from Oranienbaum and from within the blockade lines upon the German corridor. In spite of the density of the German defence, with underground concrete shelters, anti-tank barriers, strengthened throughout the two years of blockade, the Russians overwhelmed the enemy, capturing many of the siege-guns, taking prisoners and leaving 20,000 Germans dead on the battle-front. The Baltic Fleet, which had so miraculously escaped destruction from bombing, is now able to move along the short stretch of coast from the city to Oranienbaum, bringing supplies of all kinds.

A road and railway now unite the city of Leningrad, for 50 miles along the southern coast of the Gulf of Finland, with Oranienbaum. Mga junction, on the east, had been fortified by the enemy with deep zones of defence, which had hitherto proved impossible to take, but on the 21st it fell to the assault of the Russians.

It is said that it was massed artillery of the Red Army, "guns placed wheel to wheel," which overwhelmed the massive defence upon which the Germans had relied. Not until thousands of guns had been concentrated could an impression be made, but once the continuous firing of these great guns was poured upon the firing positions of the enemy nothing could stand against them. The frontal defences appear to have been under-manned, but when reserves were brought up they could not stem [illegible]

***On right*—Soviet artillerymen standing by one of the heavy siege-guns with which the Germans bombarded the city of Leningrad. This is only one of a large number captured by the Red Army during the shattering Soviet offensive. In the background are piles of big shells for the gun**

TAKEN FROM "THE SPHERE" OF AUGUST 2, 1941. THE CITY OF LENINGRAD AND THE OLD ROYAL RESIDENCES OF THE TSARS at Peterhof and Tsarskoie Selo, ruined by the Germans and now back again in Russian hands as the result of the recent Soviet offensive in the northern sector of the 2,000-mile battlefront

At a distance of about 30 miles from Leningrad lies the town of Tsarskoie Selo (as it was known in Tsarist days): less than 20 miles away from the great city, along the Baltic shores, lies Peterhof. Both towns were famous for their wonderful palaces: both were occupied by the Germans many, many months ago. With the inevitable result, that the wonderful architectural splendours are no more. Destroyed by the Germans in their recent retreat from this area, the Palaces are now in the condition shown in the photographs reproduced on the right

GERMAN VANDALISM AT NOVGOROD: A beautiful piece of Russian art destroyed by the Germans before they were forced out of this key position in the Leningrad sector. The monument now lying shattered on the ground was erected in Novgorod on the 1,000th anniversary of the Russian State

the stern resolve of the Russians. While the assault was going on from Leningrad itself, another Red Army under General Meretskov was attacking north and south of the famous old city of Novgorod, which the Germans hurriedly abandoned on January 20. It had been continuously under German control since August 1941, and had been made into a particularly strong defence point. Though much damaged, it is not irreparably so, as it has not suffered from a frontal attack.

Though suffering from a general defeat, and huge losses in men and material, the enemy is still strongly placed, and there is no sign of a rout. It is significant, however, that the skilful system of defence, perfected over a long period, has not proved as impregnable as the Germans believed. On the other hand, the defensive system of Leningrad, prepared long before the war, and at great expense, has undoubtedly proved its value. A large and well-trained army maintained the defence, which kept the enemy always some miles away from the actual precincts of the city. The citizens of Leningrad can now breathe again more freely, with no fear of the long-distance guns, but their anger against the enemy is still intense as they look over the wasted land around them. The beautiful district of Peterhof, once enriched with the palace residence of the Tsars, is wrecked beyond repair.

TWO PICTURES OF THE BEAUTIFUL PALACE OF PETERHOF, showing how it was left by the Germans after their retreat from before the city of Leningrad

THE PALACE OF PETERHOF is situated about 15 miles from Leningrad on the Gulf of Finland. With its beautiful gardens and its art treasures and statuary, this former dwelling-place of the Tsars had been transformed by the Soviet into a museum and cultural centre. To-day it is an empty shell surrounded by masses of debris—the work of the retreating German vandals, who destroyed the historic buildings when they found that retreat was inevitable

THE POPE'S PROTECTORS IN ROME

The Four Contingents of Guards in Vatican City: How They are Recruited, and the Various Duties They Perform Described by CHARLES GRAVES

GENERAL ALEXANDER'S threat to Rome, the first real one since Garibaldi captured the Eternal City in 1870, throws a spotlight on the four different contingents whose duty it is to protect the Pope. The first is the Noble Guard, a platoon of Roman aristocrats of whom only half-a-dozen are always on duty. Next comes the Swiss Bodyguard, which numbers about 250 officers and men. Thirdly, there is the Papal Gendarmerie of about 100 men—in effect, Italian police who keep order in St. Peter's and the Vatican Gardens. Fourthly, there is the Palatine Guard, incorrectly described as the Vatican Guard. They turn out on festival days and keep back the crowds at the Basilica of St. Peter and elsewhere. Their numbers have now been raised to 5,000, and they are about as well armed as the Home Guard was in 1941. In other words, they have rifles, but no automatic weapons, and their personnel is chiefly drawn from the small shopkeeper class of Rome. They do a certain amount of arms drill, but their functions are mostly ornamental, and their equipment is quite useless for modern blitz warfare. In other words, as a force they are symbolic rather than practical, though they could be quite useful in dealing with looting or rioting.

"THE ONLY TROOPS OF ANY VALUE WHICH HIS HOLINESS DISPOSES ARE THE SWISS GUARD." The men do actually come from Switzerland, and all have to fill certain definite requirements before they are enlisted. Many of them have been in the Papal service for a number of years. They still retain their distinctive uniform which dates back to the Middle Ages

The only troops of any value which His Holiness disposes are therefore the Swiss Guard. The Captain of the Guard is Colonel Pfyffer von Altishofen, who comes from Lucerne and who was previously Second-in-Command. Under him he has one major, two Captains and a padre with the rank of Captain. The Guard, though it is barely the equivalent of a company in an English battalion, ranks as a regiment; which is why the officers, non-commissioned officers and halberdiers have such high rank. A sergeant, for example, has the rank of 2nd Lieutenant.

The non-commissioned officers are promoted as a result of long service and merit; but unless there is some particularly meritorious reason, it is the long service which is taken into account primarily for promotion. Among the officers it is an old tradition that at least one or two of them should have risen from the ranks. The others are proposed by the Colonel and nominated by the Pope—that is to say, His Holiness. The Colonel himself is personally nominated by the Pope.

Changes in the personnel of the officers are rare because they always serve twenty to thirty years in the Papal Guard. The recruiting of the men is done by the Colonel, who selects them from the innumerable applicants, height being a considerable factor in his choice, and the minimum being one metre, seventy-six centimetres (nearly six feet). Their health, appearance and morality are also, of course, taken into consideration. The length of their engagement of service is *ad lib.* Any soldier can quit the Papal Guard if he gives two months' notice in advance. Similarly, a soldier who is unsuitable can be "liquidated" in the same way. It goes without saying that no recruit signs on for a short time. No one who regards the Papal Guard as a kind of seasonal occupation would be recruited. It is true that there are men who remain in the Guard for only three or four years, but a large number stay ten, fifteen or even twenty years. After, or slightly before, ten years' service there is a good chance of promotion.

The recruits pass a medical examination—the first in Switzerland under special regulations. This is a *conditio sine qua non*. A second medical examination is given on arrival at Rome. After a year's service a third and final medical examination is given. The officers' quarters are exceedingly comfortable. There is excellent food in the mess, and fine wines too. Perhaps the best way of describing it is that the officers live in much the same style as those on guard at St. James's Palace in peacetime. With very rare exceptions, no soldier is eligible unless he has done his recruit service in Switzerland; and a man who has been turned down by the Swiss conscription authorities cannot be admitted to the Papal Guard. In case of general mobilisation in Switzerland, the men have to rejoin their units at home. This happened in 1914, but within a few days the Swiss Commander-in-Chief of the Federal Army authorised their return to Rome.

Valais and Fribourg are the Cantons which supply the largest number of recruits, and time and again you have Papal Guardsmen from the same families. Very often they are the sons of former Papal Guardsmen or else cousins and nephews. Most of the Cantons are represented in the Papal Guard, with the exception of Tessin, the Italianate Canton by Locarno. This is strange, but true. At the outbreak of war—it so happened—there were no men in the Papal Guard from Geneva, Vaud, Neuchâtel, Basle, Appenzell or Underwalden. On the other hand, there were a particularly large number of men from the Grisons, Soleure, Aargau and St. Gall.

The men carry a sabre-bayonet and a halberd by day, and a rifle at night. The non-commissioned officers also carry a revolver when they are in the Chamber. The sergeant on duty carries a sabre-bayonet and a cane.

The great and glorious battle in which the Papal Guard sacrificed itself was the Sacking of Rome in 1527. They were fighting against the Constable of Bourbon, and 147 out of the 189 men were massacred in a hand-to-hand fight. This enabled the remaining handful of men to get Pope Clement VII out of the Vatican and away to the château of St. Ange. On various occasions the Swiss Guard has begged the Pope's permission to defend him violently: when Pius VI was poisoned, and Pius IX fled to Gaeta in 1848 and Rome was captured by Garibaldi. But on each occasion the Pope wished to prevent the spilling of blood. The Sacking of Rome was an early precursor of the Tuileries massacre.

The men seem to have quite an easy life. Out of each consecutive period of three days, two are spent on guard and one is an off day in which gymnastics, exercise and swimming are the order of the day. When on duty, they have an hour off in the morning for coffee and getting into their uniform; they have another hour off for lunch and a third for dinner. Each man mounts guard at night according to the roster, each doing a minimum of six hours and a maximum of eight hours on guard. Reveille is at 6 a.m. The guard is changed at 7 p.m. But the duties are certainly easy when you consider that the men have two days off a week and can wear mufti. Their uniforms, by the way, were designed by Michelangelo himself. In their spare time, the men can take lessons in foreign languages; act as guides to Swiss tourists; take music lessons and singing lessons; go for walks, play football, have bathes, learn cabinet-making and bookbinding, or take other commercial courses.

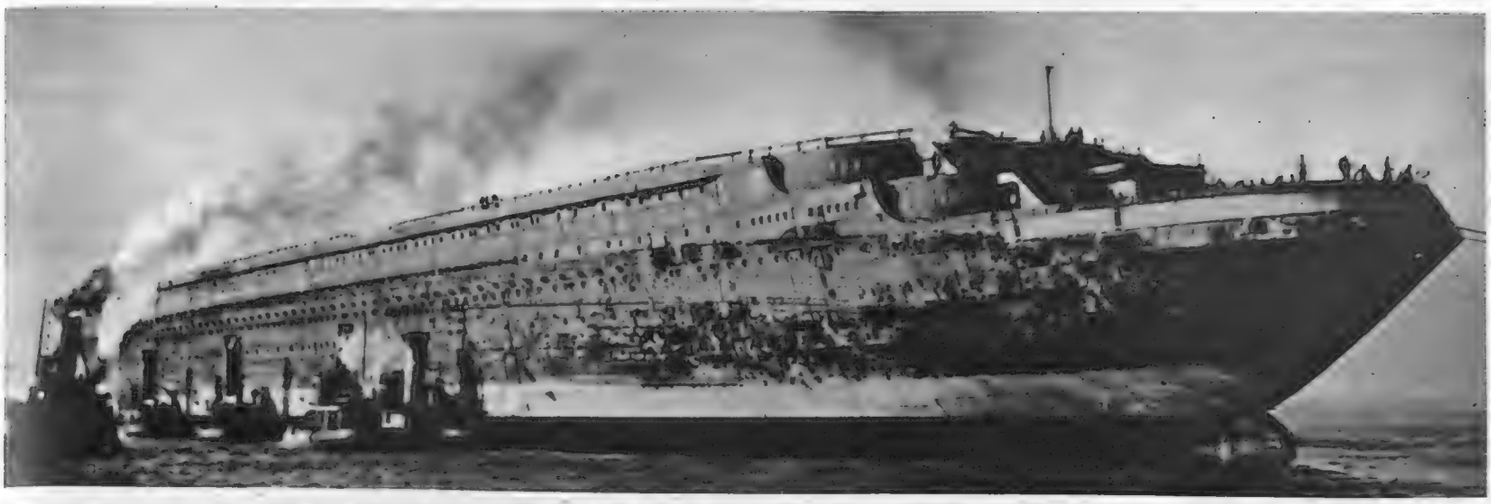
There is also a fine system of pensions and of bonuses for long service. After ten years a Papal Guardsman is entitled to a third of his pay as a pension; after fifteen years he is entitled to half his pay as a pension; and after twenty years he gets full pay when pensioned out. Bonuses are payable after two years, four years and six years. Pensions and bonuses are payable in Swiss francs, but the actual pay itself is in lire.

To revert to uniforms, the men get a new full-dress uniform known as a gala uniform (tricolour) every year; they get an undress uniform (all blue) every two or three years; and a greatcoat every four years. These are all supplied by the Corps and paid for by the Vatican. But once again, the Colonel will not disclose what they cost. Each man also has a cuirass and helmet for grand ceremonies like canonisations, Pontificali Papali and when foreign kings are received. The officers' cuirasses are not handed down, as you might suppose. They are part of the stock of the Papal Guard—all except that of the Colonel, which is his personal property. The cuirasses include the Cuirass Repond, the Cuirass Glasson and the Cuirass Pfyffer. I rather like that. It reminds one of the ancient days of famous swords like the Sword Excalibur.

This picture was made in Rome shortly after the Allied air raid on August 13, 1943: it shows His Holiness Pope Pius XII praying in a street for the end of the war. The Pope visited various bombed areas of the Eternal City to inspect the damage and to bolster up the morale of the people. His prayers were partially answered on September 3, when Italy withdrew from the war. This was one of a number of pictures recently received by Archbishop Spellman in New York

The San Martino Chapel behind the Colonnade of Bernin, which the Papal Guard has used since 1586, was constructed by Pius V. It contains tombs of Papal Guardsmen, frescoes of scenes of valour in which they took part and the coats of arms of all the Colonels that have commanded the Guard. Of these there have been twenty-seven since 1506—the year of the forming of the Guard by Jules II. Colonel Georges de Sury d'Aspremont was the twenty-sixth, immediate predecessor of Pfyffer von Altishofen. A further point about the recruits: the average number of vacancies are about six a year. The swearing-in is held on May 6, the anniversary of the Sacking of Rome. It takes place with tremendous pomp and ceremony.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



THE U.S.S. "LAFAYETTE," FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE "NORMANDIE," CRACK FRENCH LINER, being towed to an East Coast shipyard for conversion into an American transport. This is the vessel which sank at her berth in New York after a disastrous fire: she was raised after months of hard work and is now to be refitted at a cost of some millions of dollars. All her superstructure was cut away under water, and she bears vivid traces of her long immersion in the mud of the Hudson River

FOREIGN NEWS ITEMS IN PICTURES

AN ECHO OF THE RECENT CAIRO CONFERENCE: During the great Three-Power Conferences at Mena House, all possible precautions were taken to avoid interference by enemy aircraft. An R.A.F. radio observation-post was built on the top of the Cheops Pyramid: all the equipment necessary for the operation of the post was carried to the top of the 500-ft. Pyramid by the airmen themselves, and the work of installation was completed in one day. In the background of this view is the Khepren Pyramid

A SCENE AFTER ONE OF THE HEAVY RAIDS ON THE GERMAN CAPITAL: Conditions in Berlin to-day are almost indescribable; the people remaining in the city are living a sort of "cave-man" existence, and their chief preoccupation is the failure of the German fighters and flak to prevent the R.A.F. from continuing their devastating attacks. Here is an example of "blitz humour" in Berlin to-day: the poster on the left says—"You can eat here from 12 till 2 p.m. Please don't forget your overcoat." (The latter remark is an evident indication of the loss of walls and windows.) The placard on the right says—"In spite of everything, 'Cords' will reopen in the cellar"

THE MEN WHO TAKE THE COAL TO ITALY to keep the railways running for the Allied Armies: Large quantities of coal, vital to the Allied effort in Italy, are now being shipped from the United Kingdom. Contrary to the belief of many, this coal is not used for local Italian consumption. A collier has just arrived with a further 9,000 tons of coal from Cardiff, all of which will be used by the British Army to keep the railways in operation. Since the Allied occupation, the whole of the railway system of Southern Italy has been run on British coal. The Railway Operating Companies of the Royal Engineers are using a large number of German engines and trucks which the enemy were forced to abandon when the Eighth Army made its lightning strike at the toe of Italy. In this picture, some of the crew of the collier are taking a well-earned cup of tea after off-loading: they are (from left to right) the Second Engineer, Third Mate, Second Mate, Second Radio Officer, Third Radio Officer, First Radio Officer and Third Engineer

THE YOUNGEST KING IN EUROPE—tragic little King Simeon II of Bulgaria, son of the late King Boris, who died after a visit to Hitler. The little boy-King is here seen visiting his father's grave for the first time. Holding his hand is the Queen-Mother, Joanna (daughter of the King of Italy): on his left is his sister, Princess Maria-Luise; and in the background (in civilian clothes) is Prince Cyril, pro-Nazi brother of the late King Boris and the new King's uncle

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

ANTHOLOGY OF COMFORT.—I have often toyed with the idea of an anthology. I am one of those whose conversation is strewn with tags and quotations, whose memory is only reliable in regard to prose or poetry learned in youth, whose energy and purpose and courage have needed to be whipped up by wise saws and comfortable words. I have been deterred from my purpose (of making an anthology) by the difficulties of selection, the nuisance of obtaining copyright way-leaves and the reluctance of publishers to venture what is not always a very *golden* treasury. Yet I am always conscious of my debt to those writers, known and anonymous, who minted the gold coins on which I have long subsisted, and I could wish that I might acknowledge the debt in some public form.

It is interesting and even romantic to speculate on the origins of those chance phrases or *sententiæ*. In what mood did the writers coin them? Was it the same mood that long afterwards made them so applicable, so comforting, to the reader's case? What expectation did the writer have that this particular phrase would live long after the bulk of his work was forgotten? How often, how seldom, did he "see the work that it was good"?

Those famous tags which we value more for their beauty and romance than for their comfort must no doubt have been often approved and "offered to posterity" by their authors. I feel no doubt that the authors of such beauties as "magic casements opening on the foam," "night's candles are put out," "the ravelled sleeve of care," "*nescia fallere vita*," "the white radiance of Eternity," did, indeed, realise that they had created something that would live, a gem which might hold its niche permanently in the crown of literary merit. But the manufacture of "comfortable words" must be, and always has been, a more chancy and unconscious business.

I can imagine Virgil feeling confident of immortality when he revised finally the passage "*Sed neque Medorum . . .*"; I doubt if he can have realised the comfort which he offered to posterity for 2,000 years from his:

"*O passi graviora, deus dabit his quoque finem.*"

Or (in the middle ranks of poetry), I doubt if Clough foresaw the life and power for comfort of his "Say not the struggle."

Indeed, of all the coiners of comfort, I can at the moment call to mind but two who consciously turned out useful articles for posterity—Tupper and Stevenson; and of these two Stevenson did the business very admirably.

JOHN ALLEN, TWO-YEAR-OLD SON OF THE MASTER, Mr. Peter Russell Allen, turned up on a donkey at a special Children's Meet just organised by the North Cheshire Hunt. A special saddle keeps little John safe in his seat

Chance or Design?—The stimulating speculation concerning these gems which have become a part of our proverbial philosophy is concerning the mood in which their authors cut them.

Sometimes, no doubt, it was in the same mood in which we read or quote them for our comfort. Sometimes, I can suppose, it was a quite different mood; unconscious, over-conscious, a mere search for a rhyme or tailpiece; even with tongue in cheek.

Chance, too, has played its part (as often as merit) in rescuing from oblivion or establishing in permanency some tag, perhaps, from an anonymous author. It has been discovered for a King's broadcast, it has caught the eye of a Premier on an occasion of national crisis, it has been unearthed, misquoted, corrected and so advertised into public use and favour. "Sound, sound the clarion," "From the lone Shieling," are instances of romantic tags in point here, and at least two quite unknown passages have been lately saved for posterity in the King's broadcasts and more than one rediscovered by Mr. Churchill. The best of them possess a permanent aptness; some others have periodic or seasonal life. They fit like a glove an hour which may come, and go.

In the first category stand the mighty treasury of comfortable words in the Psalms, and such books as the book of Job, in Shakespeare and, in a lesser degree, in the writings of the robuster literary masters; but the small men, the anonymous craftsmen and the lucky shots make up quite a fair proportion of the coiners for eternity.

The tags for perennial comfort can be compared with the "classic" novels. Their immortality is derived from some virtue, some appeal to humanity, which overrides and transcends ephemeral fashion of thought and changing social conditions.

The seasonal or periodic tags compare with the modern "best seller"—they happily hit off some transient mood or supply point or comfort to a temporary, perhaps recurring, condition or fashion of thought.

The Psalms.—The tags in the Psalms or in the book of Job deal with the unchanging conditions of human life, the eternal struggle for freedom, against evil and oppression, the upward urge from the pit of darkness and despair.

And Shakespeare is generally accepted as timeless and set above the temporalities and irrelevancies and fashions in human evolution.

That admirable war feature in *The Times*, *Old and True*, has done much to establish this theory of the categorisation of tags for comfort into two classes, the permanently apt and the seasonally apt; and the necessary research which must have gone to the service of this feature has shown how wide, how varied and how rich is the second or seasonal category. The tags which bristle in that famous psalm of comfort for the seventh day, "Fret not thyself," are for humanity for all time, in war and peace, in dark ages and in the millennium.

One of the most interesting chapters in Lord Ernle's famous treatise on *The Psalms in Human Life* establishes Shakespeare's wide familiarity with the Psalms and the great debt which his writings owe to them. Some of his most famous passages, indeed, are but slightly altered versions of verses from the Psalms—a fact which in this present argument may raise the Psalmist at the expense of Shakespeare. (The fact that Bacon's debt to the Psalmist is proved to be hardly less, may lower Shakespeare's reputation still more, for all I know.)

The Psalms, at any rate, remain the *locus classicus* and first reservoir of permanent comfort for mankind. The search for the topical or seasonally apt is largely inspired by superstition, which, in turn, is born of man's failure to derive sufficient comfort from his broad or general faith in God's mercy and providence. He asks for a sign, a topical pointer, something on account. The *Virgilianæ sortes* are, of course, an instance of this superstition, as are the "Pyramid writings."

By this morning's post I received, from Bath, just such an instance of this undying superstition. The postcard runs:

"Best wishes for 1944. (1+9+4+4=18) The 18th book of the Bible is the book of Job.
The 18th verse of the 18th chapter reads: 'He shall be driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the world.'
Verb Sap. (*Time and Tide.*)"

That is the stuff of the Pyramids! N.B.—The 18th verse of the 18th Psalm is not less apt.

But nothing I have said shall detract from the value of our second category of tags of comfort. Charge it up to superstition or to logical research, such a passage as I hereunder quote is indeed as comforting as it is apt to this hour:

"And not by eastern windows when daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly but westward, look, the land is bright."

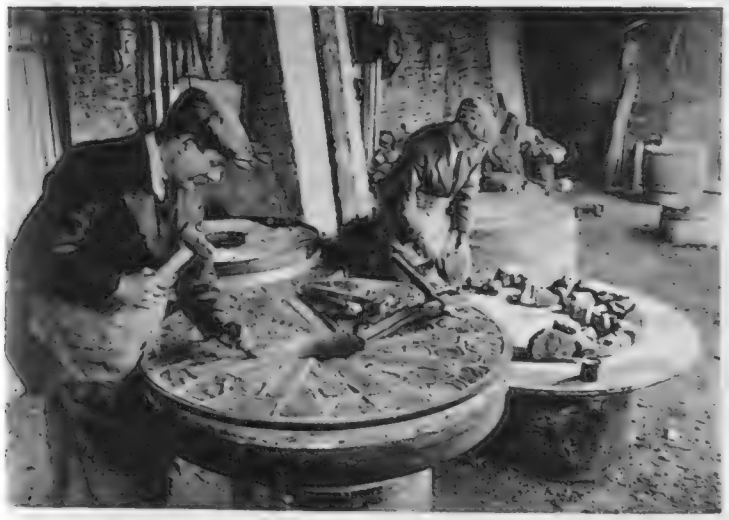
I am reaching the end of my allotted space, and I perceive clearly that I have been diverted from my course by many inviting by-ways. I designed to make some beginning of an anthology of my own favourite tags of comfort, and I have made no such beginning. Perhaps it is better so. These tags are an intimacy, an admission, a searchlight turned on a man's character. They are in a sense autobiography and possess all the impossible difficulties of autobiography; in chief, the reluctance or inability of the average man to yield to the public the arcana of his intimate life. By listing his tags of comfort a man admits his frailties, his fears, doubt, disillusion and despondencies. He is self-confessed a weakling and a wobbler. In the world of to-day, in which every human being carries a heavy load of trouble, and in which the air is no clearer than a Victorian "London particular," Carlyle's blunt, harsh, philosophic aphorism, "Consume your own smoke," is still a sound exercise in altruism and citizenship.

THE TOURING FIREWOMEN: This picture shows the scene on the stage of a Mobile Instructional Theatre which is touring all N.F.S. stations in the London area. Two Leading Firewomen and four Firewomen act as the artistes, scene-shifters and compères. The aim of the show is to teach the latest mobilisation scheme in conjunction with the Fireguard organisation. The scene depicted above is the interior of a typical N.F.S. Control Station

NEWS ITEMS in PICTURES from the HOME FRONT

SIR WILLIAM STRANG, BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVE ON THE EUROPEAN ADVISORY COMMITTEE, at home at Treetops, in Northwood. Sir William and Lady Strang are seated on the sofa; Lieut. Colin Strang, R.A., is behind; and Miss Jean Strang on the right. Sir William Strang is the son of a Scots farmer who migrated to Essex in the '80's: he served in the Worcester Regiment in the last war, and in 1919 entered the Foreign Office. After service in Belgrade he returned to London for a spell of eight years, and then went out to Moscow in 1930 as Counsellor to the Embassy. In 1943, he accompanied Mr. Eden to the Three-Power Conference in Moscow. To-day Sir William (he was knighted on his new appointment) is our representative on the first body to be charged with peace preparations. The European Advisory Committee is composed of representatives of Britain, Russia and America in the persons of Strang, Gusev and John G. Winant. This picture was taken recently at the Strang home in Middlesex

MRS. V. LAUGHTON MATHEWS, C.B.E., Director of the W.R.N.S., is not the only chief of the Women's Services to have held her Directorship throughout the war: she is also the only one who has a daughter with her in the same Service. Miss Elvira Mathews is eighteen years old, and has been serving for some time as a Wren writer—or clerk—in London. Here mother and daughter are seen together during a recent walk through St. James's Park



AIDING THE WORK OF THE SEARCHLIGHT BATTERIES. These men, at a London factory, are preparing the millstones used for grinding the carbon which burns in our anti-aircraft searchlights. The emery-stone used for this work is so hard that it is not practicable to fashion each one: the stone is therefore arranged in jigsaw pattern, and the spaces between are filled in with molten spelter

GIRL CIVIL SERVANTS WORK AS DESPATCH-RIDERS IN THEIR OFF-DUTY HOURS: At some Ministries the office girl workers have formed a Volunteer Motor-Cycle Despatch Corps. They have been fully trained by the Metropolitan Police, and are on rota duty from 6 p.m. to 9 o'clock next morning. Clothed in green battledress with orange-coloured gloves they are now a familiar sight in London. Mrs. Ward, leader of the Corps, is here seen at work in her office: with her are Miss Ann Popham, Miss Cynthia Ames and Miss Beryl Williams: shortly after this picture was taken the three girls were in their battledress and speeding through London with despatches

AMERICAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS help in the defence of London: An all-American battery of 90-mm. A.-A. guns now serves under the British Anti-Aircraft Command in the outer ring of London's air defences. This is the first real opportunity the U.S. gunners have had of fighting the *Luftwaffe*: they have already been in action in several recent heavy engagements. One of the Sergeant Gun Commanders is seen on the left, with a gun-layer in the centre and a gunner (on right) at a predictor instrument

TWO OF THE A.T.S. GIRLS WHO ARE SERVING WITH THE RECONNAISSANCE CORPS. *On left*—**Private Betty Davies, telephone operator;** *on right*—**Lance-Corporal Patricia Galloway, office typist.** A platoon of sixty A.T.S. girls in the Northern Command are the only women in Britain entitled to wear the badge of the Reconnaissance Corps—the streak of lightning flanked by a spear which is symbolic of the speed and danger of the Corps. The A.T.S. cook for the men, issue their clothing and equipment and repair it when necessary, staff the offices as clerks and telephonists and do all kinds of orderly duties

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

FIVE NOVELISTS with a TALE to TELL

The Saga of a Playwright; A Farmer in Derbyshire, and Crime in Cairo; Upton Sinclair's New Novel; Peacetime Village Life

WHEN is a playwright not a playwright? The answer is—when he is the hero of Mr. John P. Marquand's new novel, and collects substantial sums of money for doctoring and rebuilding other writers' work, while never turning out a successful or stageworthy piece himself.

SO LITTLE TIME (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) is an excellent novel in the sense that a novel should, by classic standards, have a beginning, a middle and an end, show the development of character, tell some kind of a story and leave the reader feeling a little richer than when he opened the covers of the book. Mr. Marquand fulfils all these requirements handsomely, even if he does not seem to have a very good time while he is doing it. I don't suppose the author in any way resembles his central character, but he writes about him with a kind of melancholy satisfaction that at least argues long familiarity.

Jeffrey Wilson was a boy from a small New England town at the time of World War I, in which he served as an aviator. When he came back to the United States he was a newspaper man, mostly doing rewrite work, with a chance to do an occasional "lead" if the reporter in question was too tight to do it for himself. Naturally, this happened very seldom, and Jeffrey had more faith in the career he might make for himself by writing for the stage. When a Broadway producer bought an option on his first play, he was in seventh heaven, and optimistic enough to get married on the proceeds, to a girl whose family disapproved of him. Play or no play—or, rather, production or no production—it was again as a rewrite man that Jeffrey really found success, whether he was working on other people's plays or other people's film scripts. His was the kind of inspired carpentry for which producers and directors are apt to scream at the eleventh hour.

All of which was hard on Jeffrey's character, though helpful to his bank balance. In 1940, he was financially very well off, with a duplex apartment in New York, a "farm" in Connecticut, a pretty, sensible and unimaginative wife and three children. Jim, the oldest of them, was at Harvard at this time, as his father had been before him, and it is chiefly with Jim's development that Jeffrey is concerned.

Jim enlists without waiting to be drafted, and on the day after Pearl Harbour and America's entry into the war, Jeffrey himself goes down to Washington and tries to get back into the Air Corps. "There might be a place for you in public relations," they say, "since you know all the film angles," and Jeffrey comes back, dejected and disillusioned, to New York, to find that Jim has been ordered abroad.

Mr. Marquand's novels are novels of character far more than of incident, and this is, I think, the most successful example of his lightly satirical manner.

WOMEN IN THE AIRCRAFT FACTORIES: Every amenity is being provided for the women now being sent, in ever-increasing numbers, to Ministry of Aircraft Production factories. Here is a scene during a supper dance held once a week in one of them. Admission is one shilling: the dances have proved a very popular feature of the week's programme. The band is the factory's own "Four in Rhythm"

A SCENE IN THE GREAT HALL OF HOGHTON TOWER: Sir Cuthbert de Hoghton, aged sixty-three, with his nineteen-year-old bride (formerly Miss Philomena Simmonds) just after their marriage in Lancashire. The new Lady de Hoghton was one of the bridegroom's tenants and formerly his secretary

I disagree with the description of THE SNOW (Joseph. 8s. 6d.) as a novel; it is rather an expanded incident, well drawn and with excellent descriptive writing, as is to be expected from Mr. Crichton Porteous when his subject is the country-side that he knows so well. Instead of a plot, the present book deals with the struggles of a farmer in the Peak district of Derbyshire, whose place is completely cut off by a sudden and violent snowstorm.

Light, heat, telephone and water services fail; neither bus nor train can reach the area. The farmer, who is already suffering from a severe cold, can only deliver part of his milk-round with difficulty. In company with his neighbours, he sets out for the nearest town and brings back supplies on a sledge, after an arduous journey. Then he starts rounding up his sheep, some of whom are frozen to death in the drifts; others are saved and nursed back to life and health.

The farmer's wife tries to make butter on the hearth because of the lack of other food, and snow must be melted to provide water. The farmer's little niece, on the other hand, takes a very different view of the situation. The snow for her provides nothing but excitement. When the thaw sets in after two days, life returns to normal and the farmer picks up his hard, daily routine. It is at this point that the book leaves off rather than ends, and yet it has been more satisfying than that would suggest. Here is an author who writes with real, close knowledge of his subject, and whose writing has the simplicity of that authority. I enjoyed it extremely.

I only have one adverse criticism of Miss Anne Hocking's new murder mystery, and that is that the cover, a slightly smug photograph of the Sphinx, suggests either a factual, documentary sort of book, or a volume of travel and reminiscence. NILE GREEN (Bles. 8s.) is, of course, neither, but a well-contrived thriller that has wartime Cairo as its setting, and a very good-looking corpse as its *raison d'être*.

It is amusing, crisp, short and effective. I cannot promise that you won't guess the identity of the murderer about three-quarters of the way through, but I can promise you that this is a book in which the peculiar atmosphere of a city is almost perfectly conveyed. The author must know her Cairo well, and like it.

Mr. Upton Sinclair's long new novel, WIDE IS THE GATE (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d), has, as its scope, the years from 1934 to 1938, which he has called the years of appeasement, and the struggle during that period between the Fascists and the anti-Fascists. Sometimes that bitter fight was underground, but at length it found open expression in the Spanish Civil War, and it is of this time particularly that the author is writing.

He has chosen as his central character a young American, Lanny Budd, an art expert married to a very rich wife. Lanny's political views at the opening of the story have no more force than can be expressed by the words "parlour pink." He plays at Socialism, partly in deliberate contrast to his life with a father who is a wealthy munitions manufacturer, and a mother who is a well-known beauty.

Against his will, he finds himself involved with the underground movement in Germany, and in order to be of use to them, and find them information which would otherwise not be available to them, he becomes friendly with a great many of the highest ranking members of the Nazi party. In the end, he rescues a girl called Trudy from a particularly dangerous situation, and finds that his wife's sympathy extends neither to this venture nor to his political leanings.

When she and Lanny agree to separate, he marries Trudy. He is in Spain at the outbreak of the Civil War, and returns there again later to plan the daring rescue of an English boy who went out to fight, and has been captured by the Franco forces. When he has accomplished this, he returns to France, and to Paris, where his Trudy waits for him.

To all but the most persevering reader, this book will mean much concentration, and something reminiscent of hard work, but in spite of its almost excessive solidity, it is a rewarding story.

Nothing could exceed the quietness of Lady Tweedsmuir's novel, which, in fact, verges on the inaudible, though, luckily, not on the unreadable. THE SILVER BALL (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) is the tale of a country village in the days of peace, and in the days of an England no more concerned with rearmament than with appeasement. An English village, *circa* 1935, with all the classic preoccupations about the Flower Show, and What the Vicar Said, and The New Tenant of the Manor House.

The very fact that there should be a tenant at the big house is, in point of fact, the hub round which the action of the book revolves. When Katherine Gray lost her husband and the house was sold, Mrs. Gray moved to a small one close by, the rich and over-smart new tenant moved in, the Vicar called and the villagers—rolling up their sleeves with relish—began to gossip. They enjoyed themselves in their simple, ghoulish way, and it was not their fault that the social lives of at least five people were not ruined.

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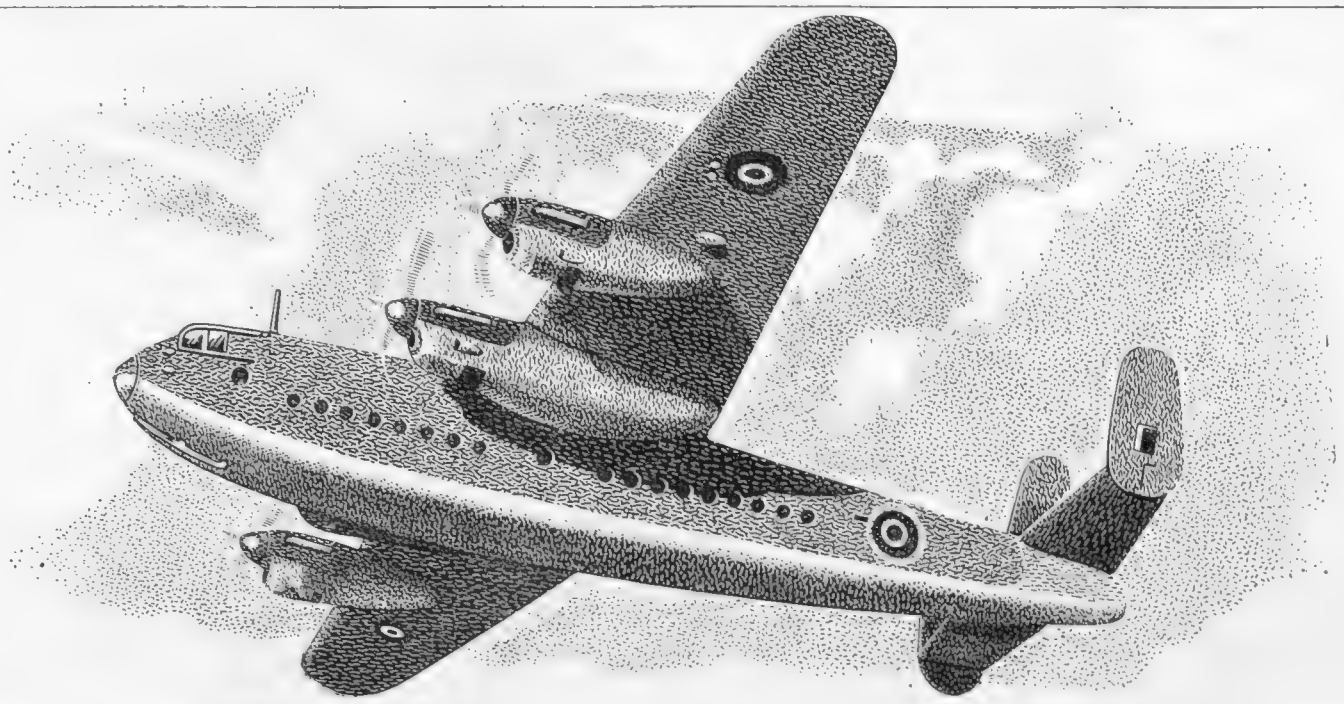

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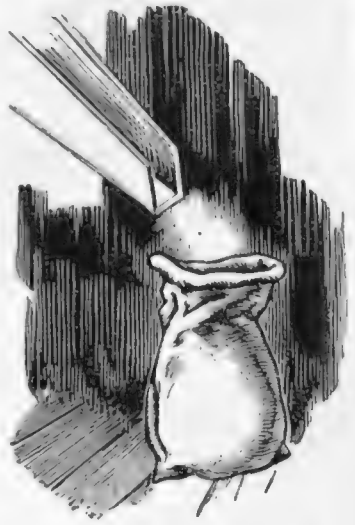

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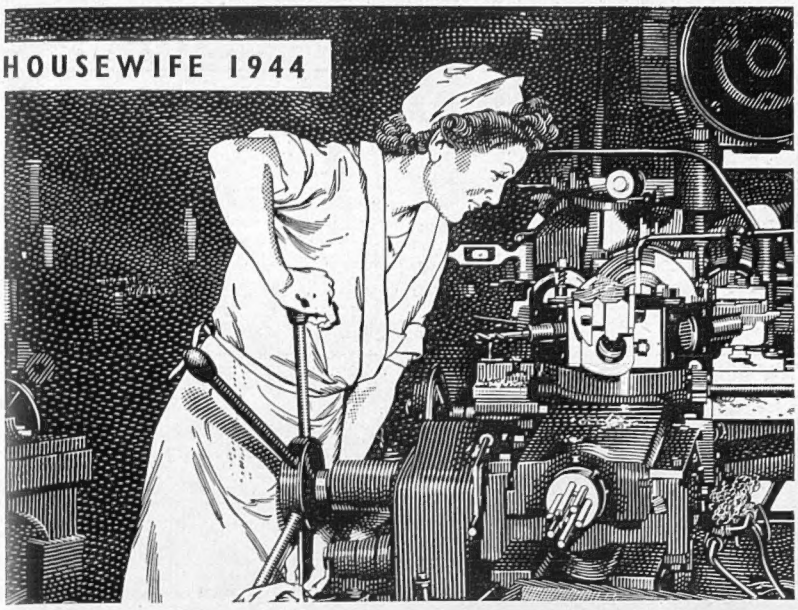

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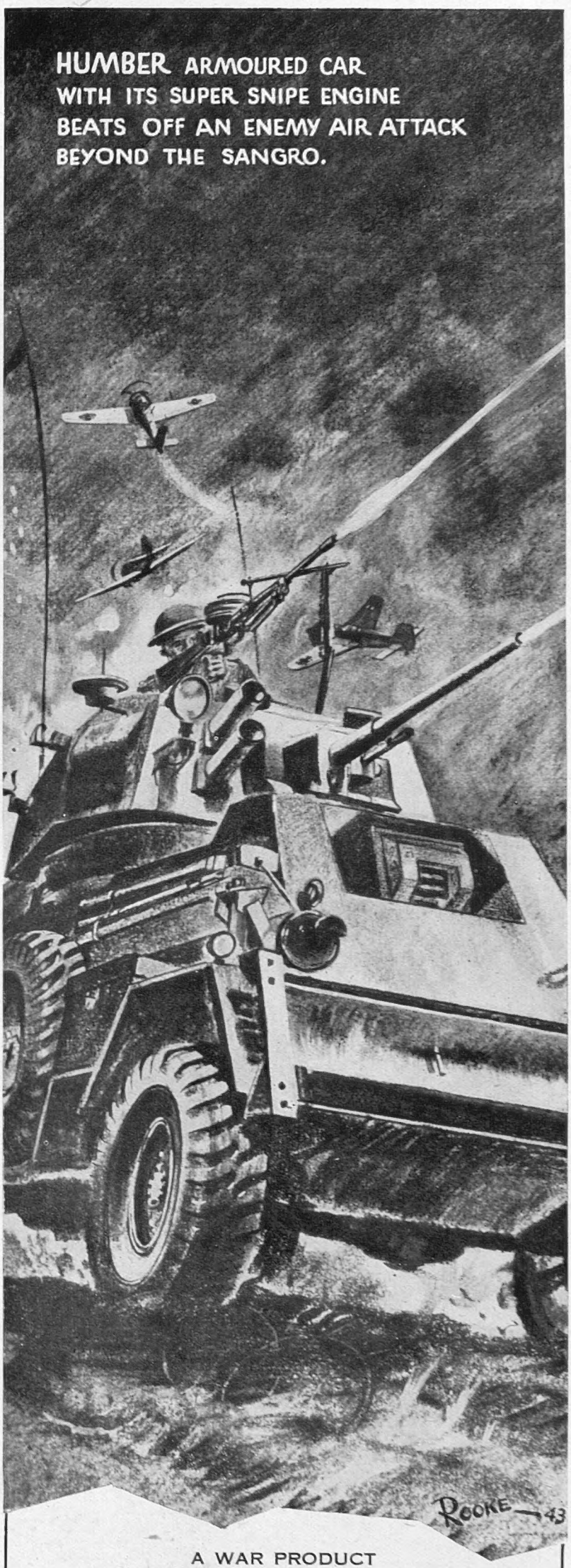

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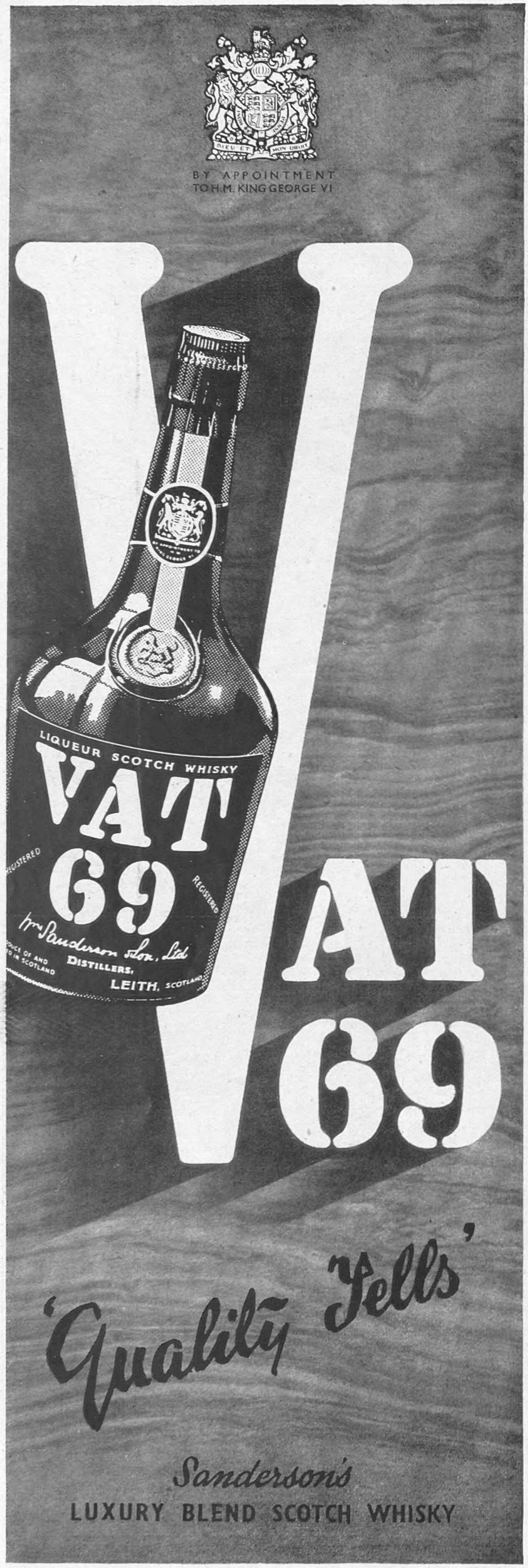

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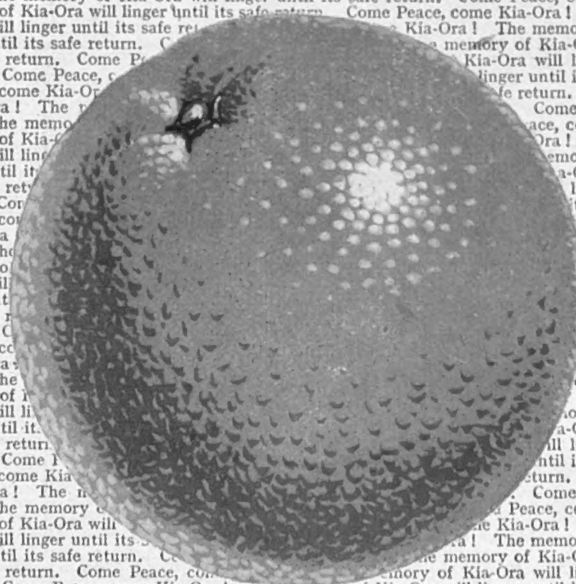

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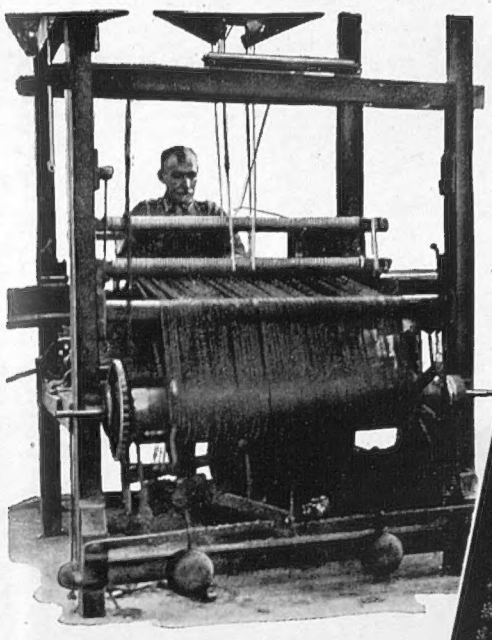

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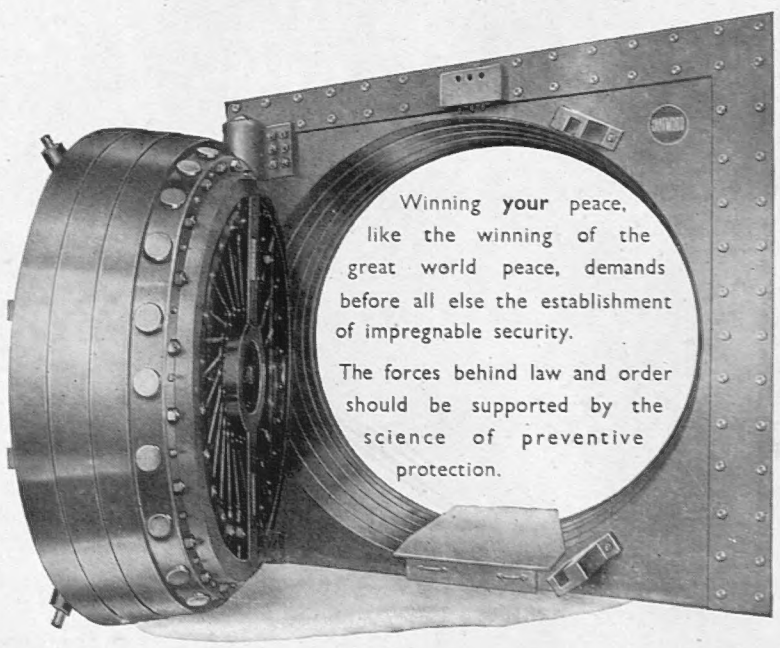

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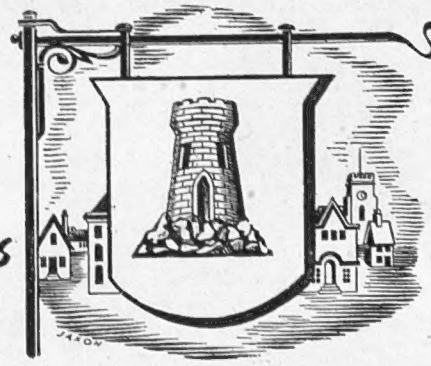

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